

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXXIII.

No. 3259 Dec. 22, 1906.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. COLL.

CONTENTS.

I.	Henrik Ibsen. <i>By Arthur Symons</i>	QUARTERLY REVIEW	707
II.	The Effects of Civilization Upon Climate. <i>By S. Leonard Bastin</i>	MONTHLY REVIEW	721
III.	Amelia and the Doctor. Chapter III. How Colonel Fraser Forgave His Daughter. Chapter IV. Colonel Fraser Calls Upon Lord Riverslade. <i>By Horace G. Hutchinson</i> (To be continued)	726	
IV.	New York. <i>By Charles Whibley</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	732
V.	Pierre Mazet of the Grand Army. <i>By W. D. Gray</i>	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	739
VI.	The Race for the North Pole	OUTLOOK	748
VII.	Currency Reform in the United States	ECONOMIST	750
VIII.	Lord Lytton's Letters	LONDON TIMES	754
IX.	Shopping	SPECTATOR	758
X.	Some Irish Fairies. <i>By John Masefield</i>	SPEAKER	760
XI.	Christmas at the Cape. <i>By John Buncie</i>	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	763
A PAGE OF VERSE			
XII.	The Curlew. <i>By Nora Chesson</i>	OUTLOOK	706
XIII.	The Poet. <i>By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson</i>	SPECTATOR	706
XIV.	The Guitar Player. <i>By Frederick Brough</i>	ACADEMY	706
XV.	When You Passed By. <i>By Winifred Sutcliffe Greaves</i>	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	706
BOOKS AND AUTHORS 764			



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*, to any part of the U.S. or Canada.

Postage to *foreign countries* in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE CURLEW.

I heard a wild bird crying, a Curlew of the moor,
And the heart out of my bosom was taken in its lure.
I left my sister milking brown Drimlin in the bawn
And I went out a-seeking under the yellow dawn.

I heard a wild bird crying, a Curlew of the mist,
No longer free to follow my fancy as I list,
My feet were bound for pathless ground and turned aside for aye
From the track my sister treads in day by day.

I heard a wild bird crying, a Curlew of the mire,
And I was moved and shaken with love and with desire.
A cabin is no home for me, nor any lad I knew
Shall mate me or shall look to me to love him true.

I heard a Curlew crying, ochone and och anee!
I'm lost within the boglands as a drowned man in the sea.
A fairy fret is on me that will not pass me by;
For ever I must follow the Curlew's cry.

Nora Chesson.

The Outlook.

THE POET.

With hands that never tire,
With heart that never pines,
He tends the holy fire
Of world-forsaken shrines,
Alone within the night
Of solitary places,
Where once the leaping light
Illumed the thronging faces
With worship burning white.

Upon the stone he lays
His hopes and joys and fears;
He strews his flowering days;
He strews his fruitful years;

Yet, ever flickers low

The flame, and falters dying,
Till some tempestuous woe
That shakes his heart with sighing
Revives the sacred glow.

Though all he freely brings
That he, in vigil-dreams
May hear a voice that sings
By far, eternal streams—
Where darkling terror looms
Beside the shadowed portal,
His life, which fire consumes,
For us with flame immortal
Shall light the threshold glooms.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

The Spectator.

THE GUITAR PLAYER.

He touched the strings with a subtle hand—
The wind blew cold and the sky was gray—
And he sang of a soft-air'd, sunlit land;
Of scented breezes and golden day.

He lull'd the wind with his wizard skill;
From the dusky mists he charm'd the sun;
But the sky was gray when his hand was still,
And the wind blew cold when the song was done.

Frederick Brough.

The Academy.

WHEN YOU PASSED BY.

When you passed by my window
A sunbeam pierced the gloom,
And, banishing November,
Made summer in my room.
I saw the sunshine flood the sky
When you passed by—when you passed by!

When you passed by my window
My heart sang joyously
Because you paused a moment
To give a smile to me.
And all the day my hopes ran high
Because you smiled in passing by!

Winifred Sutcliffe Greaves.

Pall Mall Magazine.

HENRIK IBSEN.*

"Everything which I have created as a poet," Ibsen said in a letter, "has had its origin in a frame of mind and a situation in life; I never wrote because I had, as they say, found a good subject." Yet his chief aim as a dramatist has been to set character in independent action, and to stand aside, reserving his judgment. "The method, the technique of the construction," he says, speaking of what is probably his masterpiece, "Ghosts," "in itself entirely precludes the author's appearing in the speeches. My intention was to produce the impression in the mind of the reader that he was witnessing something real." That, at his moment of most perfect balance, was his intention; that was what he achieved in an astonishing way. But his whole life was a development; and we see him moving from point to point, deliberately, and yet inevitably; reaching the goal which it was his triumph to reach, and then going beyond the goal, because movement in any direction was a necessity of his nature.

In Ibsen's letters we shall find invaluable help in the study of this character and this development. The man shows himself in them with none the less disguise because he shows himself unwillingly. In these hard, crabbed, formal, painfully truthful letters we see the whole narrow, precise, and

fanatical soul of this Puritan of art, who sacrificed himself, his family, his friends, and his country to an artistic sense of duty only to be paralleled among those religious people whom he hated and resembled.

His creed, as man and as artist, was the cultivation, the realization of self. In quite another sense that, too, was the creed of Nietzsche; but what in Nietzsche was pride, the pride of individual energy, in Ibsen was a kind of humility, or a practical deduction from the fact that only by giving complete expression to oneself can one produce the finest work. Duty to oneself: that was how he looked upon it; and though, in a letter to Björnson, he affirmed, as the highest praise, "his life was his best work," to himself it was the building-up of the artist in him that he chiefly cared for. And to this he set himself with a moral fervor and a scientific tenacity. There was in Ibsen none of the abundance of great natures, none of the ease of strength. He nursed his force, as a miser hoards his gold; and does he not give you at times an uneasy feeling that he is making the most of himself, as the miser makes the most of his gold by scraping up every farthing?

"The great thing," he says in a letter of advice, "is to hedge about what is one's own, to keep it free and clear

*1 "The Works of Henrik Ibsen." Eleven vols. Revised and edited by William Archer. London: Heinemann, 1906.

2 "Ibsen's Prose Dramas." Edited by William Archer. Five vols. London: Walter Scott, n.d.

3 "Peer Gynt." Authorized translation by William and Charles Archer. London: Walter Scott, n.d.

4 "The Master-builder." Translated by Edmund Gosse and William Archer. London: Heinemann, 1893.

5 "Little Eyolf" (1895); "John Gabriel

Borkman" (1897); "When we Dead Awaken" (1900). Translated by William Archer. Same publisher.

6 "Brand." Translated by C. H. Herford. Same publisher, 1894.

7 "Love's Comedy." Translated by C. H. Herford. London: Duckworth, 1900.

8 "The Correspondence of Henrik Ibsen." Edited by Mary Morison. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1905.

9 "Henrik Ibsen." "Björnstjerne Björnson." "Critical Studies." By George Brandes. London: Heinemann, 1899.

from everything outside that has no connection with it." He bids Brandes cultivate "a genuine, full-blooded egotism, which shall force you for a time to regard what concerns you as the only thing of any consequence, and everything else as non-existent." Yet he goes on to talk about "benefiting society," is conscious of the weight which such a conviction or compromise lays upon him, and yet cannot get rid of the burden, as Nietzsche does. He has less courage than Nietzsche, though no less logic, and is held back from a complete realization of his own doctrine because he has so much worldly wisdom and is so anxious to make the best of all worlds.

"In every new poem or play," he writes, "I have aimed at my own personal spiritual emancipation and purification, for a man shares the responsibility and the guilt of the society to which he belongs." This queer entanglement in social bonds on the part of one whose main endeavor had always been to free the individual from the conventions and restrictions of society is one of those signs of parochialism which peep out in Ibsen again and again. "The strongest man," he says in a letter, anticipating the epilogue of one of his plays, "is he who stands alone." But Ibsen did not find it easy to stand alone, though he found pleasure in standing aloof. The influence of his environment upon him is marked from the first. He breaks with his father and mother, never writes to them or goes back to see them; partly because he feels it necessary to avoid contact with "certain tendencies prevailing there." "Friends are an expensive luxury," he finds, because they keep him from doing what he wishes to do, out of consideration for them. Is not this intellectual sensitiveness the corollary of a practical coldheartedness? He cannot live in Norway because, he says, "I could never lead a

consistent spiritual life there." In Norway he finds that "the accumulation of small details makes the soul small." How curious an admission for an individualist, for an artist! He goes to Rome, and feels that he has discovered a new mental world. "After I had been in Italy I could not understand how I had been able to exist before I had been there." Yet before long he must go on to Munich, because "here one is too entirely out of touch with the movements of the day."

He insists, again and again: "Environment has a great influence upon the forms in which the imagination creates"; and, in a tone of half-burlesque, but with something serious in his meaning, he declares that wine had something to do with the exaltation of "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," and sausages and beer with the satirical analysis of "The League of Youth." And he adds: "I do not intend by this to place the last-mentioned play on a lower level. I only mean that my point of view has changed, because here I am in a community well ordered even to weariness." He says elsewhere that he could only have written "Peer Gynt" where he wrote it, at Ischia and Sorrento, because it is "written without regard to consequences—as I only dare to write far away from home." If we trace him through his work we shall see him, with a strange docility, allowing not only "frame of mind and situation in life," but his actual surroundings, to mould his work, alike in form and in substance. If he had never left Norway he might have written verse to the end of his life; if he had not lived in Germany, where there is "up-to-date civilization to study," he would certainly never have written the social dramas; if he had not returned to Norway at the end of his life, the last plays would not have been what they

were. I am taking him at his word: but Ibsen is a man who must be taken at his word.

What is perhaps most individual in the point of view of Ibsen in his dramas is his sense of the vast importance of trifles, of the natural human tendency to invent or magnify misunderstandings. A misunderstanding is his main lever of the tragic mischief; and he has studied and diagnosed this unconscious agent of destiny more minutely and persistently than any other dramatist. He found it in himself. We see just this brooding over trifles, this sensitiveness to wrongs, imaginary or insignificant, in the revealing pages of his letters. It made the satirist of his earlier years; it made him a satirist of non-essentials. A criticism of one of his books sets him talking of wide vengeance; and he admitted in later life that he said to himself, "I am ruined," because a newspaper had attacked him overnight.

With all his desire to "undermine the idea of the State," he besieges king and government with petitions for money; and he will confess in a letter, "I should very much like to write publicly about the mean behavior of the Government," which, however, he refrains from doing. He gets sore and angry over party and parochial rights and wrongs, even when he is far away from them, and has congratulated himself on the calming and enlightening effect of distance. A Norwegian bookseller threatens to platate one of his books, and he makes a national matter of it. "If," he says, "this dishonest speculation really obtains sympathy and support at home, it is my intention, come what may, to sever all ties with Norway and never set foot on her soil again." How petty, how like a hysterical woman that is. How, in its way of taking a possible trifling personal injustice as

if it were a thing of vital and even national moment, he betrays what was always to remain narrow, as well as bitter, in the centre of his being! He has recorded it against himself (for he spared himself, as he proudly and truthfully said, no more than others) in an anecdote which is a profound symbol.

"During the time I was writing 'Brand,' I had on my desk a glass with a scorpion in it. From time to time the little animal was ill. Then I used to give it a piece of soft fruit, upon which it fell furiously and emptied its poison into it—after which it was well again. Does not something of the kind happen with us poets?" he adds.

Poets, no; but in Ibsen there is always some likeness of the sick scorpion in the glass.

In one of his early letters to Björnson, he had written: "When I read the news from home, when I gaze upon all that respectable, estimable narrow-mindedness and worldliness, it is with the feeling of an insane man staring at one single, hopelessly dark spot." All his life Ibsen gazed until he found the black spot somewhere; but it was with less and less of this angry, reforming feeling of the insane man. He saw the black spot at the core of the earth's fruit, of the whole apple of the earth; and as he became more hopeless, he became less angry; he learned something of the supreme indifference of art. He had learned much when he came to realize that, in the struggle for liberty, it was chiefly the energy of the struggle that mattered. "He who possesses liberty," he said, "otherwise than as a thing to be striven for, possesses it dead and soulless. . . . So that a man who stops in the midst of the struggle and says, 'Now I have it!' thereby shows that he has lost it." He had learned still more when he could add to his saying, "The minority is always right," this subtle

corollary, that a fighter in the intellectual vanguard can never collect a majority around him. "At the point where I stood when I wrote each of my books, there now stands a tolerably compact crowd; but I myself am no longer there; I am elsewhere; farther ahead, I hope." "That man is right," he thought, "who has allied himself most closely with the future." The future, to Ibsen, was a palpable thing, not concerned merely with himself as an individual, but a constantly removing, continually occupied promised land, into which he was not content to go alone. Yet he would always have asked of a follower, with Zarathustra: "This is my road; which is yours?" His future was to be peopled by great individuals.

It was in seeking to find himself that Ibsen sought to find truth; and truth he knew was to be found only within him. The truth which he sought for himself was not at all truth in the abstract, but a truth literally "efficacious," and able to work out the purpose of his existence. That purpose he never doubted. The work he had to do was the work of an artist, and to this everything must be subservient. "The great thing is to become honest and truthful in dealing with oneself—not to determine to do this or determine to do that, but to do what one *must* do because one is oneself. All the rest simply leads to falsehood." He conceives of truth as being above all clear-sighted, and the approach to truth as a matter largely of will. No preacher of God and of righteousness and the kingdom to come was ever more centred, more convinced, more impregnably minded every time that he has absorbed a new idea or is constructing a new work of art. His conception of art often changes; but he never deviates at any one time from any one conception. There is something narrow as well as something in-

tense in this certainty, this calmness, this moral attitude towards art. Nowhere has he expressed more of himself than in a letter to a woman who had written some kind of religious sequel to "Brand." He tells her:

"'Brand' is an æsthetic work, pure and simple. What it may have demolished or built up is a matter of absolute indifference to me. It came into being as the result of something which I had, not observed, but experienced; it was a necessity for me to free myself from something which my inner man had done with, by giving poetic form to it; and, when by this means I had got rid of it, my book had no longer any interest for me."

It is in the same positive, dogmatic way that he assures us that "Peer Gynt" is a poem, not a satire; "The League of Youth" a "simple comedy and nothing more"; "Emperor and Galilean" an "entirely realistic work"; that in "Ghosts" "there is not a single opinion, a single utterance, which can be laid to the account of the author. . . . My intention was to produce the impression in the mind of the reader that he was witnessing something real. . . . It preaches nothing at all." Of "Hedda Gabler" he says: "It was not really my desire to deal in this play with so-called problems. What I principally wanted to do was to depict human beings, human emotions, and human destinies, upon a groundwork of the social conditions and principles of the present day," "My chief life-task," he defines: "to depict human characters and human destinies."

Ibsen's development has always lain chiefly in the perfecting of his tools. From the beginning he has had certain ideas, certain tendencies, a certain consciousness of things to express; he has been haunted, as only creative artists are haunted, by a world waiting to be born; and, from the begin-

ning, he has built on a basis of criticism, a criticism of life. Part of his strength has gone out in fighting: he has had the sense of a mission. Part of his strength has gone out in the attempt to fly: he has had the impulse, without the wings, of the poet. And, when he has been content to leave fighting and flying alone, and to build solidly on a solid foundation, it is then that he has achieved his great work. But he has never been satisfied, or never been able, to go on doing just that work, his own work; and the poet in him, the impotent poet who is full of a sense of what poetry is, but is never able, for more than a moment, to create poetry, has come whispering in the ear of the man of science, who is the new, unerring artist, the maker of a wonderful new art of prose, and has made him uneasy, and given uncertainty to his hand. The master-builder has altered his design, he has set up a tower here, "too high for a dwelling-house," and added a window there, with the stained glass of a church window, and fastened on ornaments in stucco, breaking the severe line of the original design.

In Ibsen science has made its great stand against poetry; and the Germans have come worshipping, saying, "Here, in our era of marvellously realistic politics, we have come upon correspondingly realistic poetry. . . . We received from it the first idea of a possible new poetic world. . . . We were adherents of this new school of realistic art: we had found our æsthetic creed." But the maker of this creed, the creator of this school of realistic art, was not able to be content with what he had done, though this was the greatest thing he was able to do. It is with true insight that he boasts, in one of his letters, of what he can do "if I am only careful to do what I am quite capable of, namely, combine this relentlessness of mind with deliberate-

ness in the choice of means." There lay his success: deliberateness in the choice of means for the doing of a given thing, the thing for which his best energies best fitted him. Yet it took him forty years to discover exactly what those means to that end were; and then the experimenting impulse, the sense of what poetry is, was soon to begin its disintegrating work. Science, which seemed to have conquered poetry, was to pay homage to poetry.

Ibsen comes before us a man of science who would have liked to be a poet; or who, half-equipped as a poet, is halved or hampered by the scientific spirit until he realizes that he is essentially a man of science. From the first his aim was to express himself; and it was a long time before he realized that verse was not his native language. His first three plays were in verse, the fourth in verse alternating with prose; then came two plays, historic and legendary, written in more or less archaic prose; then a satire in verse, "Love's Comedy," in which there is the first hint of the social dramas; then another prose play, the nearest approach that he ever made to poetry, but written in prose, "The Pretenders"; and then the two latest and most famous of the poems, "Brand" and "Peer Gynt." After this, verse is laid aside, and at last we find him condemning it, and declaring "it is improbable that verse will be employed to any extent worth mentioning in the drama of the immediate future. . . . It is therefore doomed." But the doom was Ibsen's: to be a great prose dramatist, and only the segment of a poet.

Nothing is more interesting than to study Ibsen's verse in the making. His sincerity to his innermost aim, the aim at the expression of himself, is seen in his refusal from the beginning to accept any poetic convention, to

limit himself in poetic subject, to sift his material or clarify his metre. He has always insisted on producing something personal, thoughtful, fantastic, and essentially prosaic; and it is in a vain protest against the nature of things that he writes of "Peer Gynt," "My book is poetry; and if it is not, then it will be. The conception of poetry in our country, in Norway, shall be made to conform to the book." His verse was the assertion of his individuality at all costs; it was a costly tool, which he cast aside only when he found that it would not carve every material.

Ibsen's earliest work in verse has not been translated. Dr. Brandes tells us that it followed Danish models, the sagas, and the national ballads. In the prose play, "Lady Inger of Ostraat," we see the dramatist, the clever playwright, still holding on to the skirts of romance, and ready with rhetoric enough on occasion, but more concerned with plot and stage effect than with even what is interesting in the psychology of the characters. "The Vikings," also in prose, is a piece of strong grappling with a heroic subject, with better rhetoric, and some good poetry taken straight out of the sagas, with fervor in it, and gravity; yet an experiment only, a thing not made wholly personal, nor wholly achieved. It shows how well Ibsen could do work which was not his work. In "Love's Comedy," a modern play in verse, he is already himself. Point of view is there; materials are there; the man of science has already laid his hand upon the poet. We are told that Ibsen tried to write it in prose, failed, and fell back upon verse. It is quite likely; he has already an accomplished technique, and can put his thoughts into verse with admirable skill. But the thoughts are not born in verse, and, brilliantly rhymed as they are, they do not make poetry.

Dr. Brandes admits everything that can be said against Ibsen as a poet when he says, speaking of this play and of "Brand":

Even if the ideas they express have not previously found utterance in poetry, they have done so in prose literature. In other words these poems do not set forth new thoughts, but translate into metre and rhyme thoughts already expressed.

"Love's Comedy" is a criticism of life; it is full of hard, scientific, prose thought about conduct, which has its own quality as long as it sticks to fact and remains satire; but when the prose curvets and tries to lift, when criticism turns constructive, we find no more than bubbles and children's balloons, empty and colored, that soar and evaporate. There is, in this farce of the intellect, a beginning of social drama; realism peeps through the artificial point and polish of a verse which has some of the qualities of Pope and some of the qualities of Swift; but the dramatist is still content that his puppets shall have the air of puppets; he stands in the arena of his circus and cracks his whip; they gallop round grimacing, and with labels on their backs. The verse comes between him and nature, as the satire comes between him and poetry. Cynicism has gone to the making of poetry more than once, but only under certain conditions: that the poet should be a lyric poet, like Heine, or a great personality in action, like Byron, to whom cynicism should be but one of the tones of his speech, the gestures of his attitude. With Ibsen it is a petty anger, an anger against nature, and it leads to a transcendentalism which is empty and outside nature.

The criticism of love, so far as it goes beyond what is amusing and Gilbertian, is the statement of a kind of arid soul-culture more sterile than that

of any cloister, the soul-culture of the scientist who thinks he has found out, and can master, the soul. It is a new asceticism, a denial of nature, a suicide of the senses which may lead to some literal suicide such as that in "Rosmersholm," or may feed the brain on some air unbreathable by the body, as in "When we Dead Awaken." It is the old idea of self-sacrifice creeping back under cover of a new idea of self-intensification; and it comes, like asceticism, from a contempt of nature, a distrust of nature, an abstract intellectual criticism of nature.

Out of such material no poetry will ever come; and none has come in "Love's Comedy." In the prose play which followed, "The Pretenders," which is the dramatization of an inner problem in the form of an historical drama, there is a much nearer approach to poetry. The stage-craft is still too obvious; effect follows effect like thunder-claps; there is melodrama in the tragedy; but the play is, above all, the working-out of a few deep ideas, and in these ideas there is both beauty and wisdom.

It was with the publication of "Brand" that Ibsen became famous, not only in his own country, but throughout Europe. The poem has been seriously compared, even in England, with "Hamlet"; even in Germany, with "Faust." A better comparison is that which Mr. Gosse has made with Sidney Dobell's "Balder." It is full of satire and common-sense, of which there is little enough in "Balder"; but not "Balder" is more abstract, or more inhuman in its action. Types, not people, move in it; their speech is doctrine, not utterance; it is rather a tract than a poem. The technique of the verse, if we can judge it from the brilliant translation of Prof. Herford, which reads almost everywhere like an original, is more than sufficient for its purpose; all this

argumentative and abstract and realistic material finds adequate expression in a verse which has aptly been compared with the verse of Browning's "Christmas-eve and Easter-day." The comparison may be carried farther, and it is disastrous to Ibsen. Browning deals with hard matter, and can be boisterous; but he is never, as Ibsen is always, pedestrian. The poet, though, like St. Michael, he carry a sword, must, like St. Michael, have wings. Ibsen has no wings.

But there is another comparison by which I think we can determine more precisely the station and quality of "Brand" as poetry. Take any one of the vigorous and vivid statements of dogma, which are the very kernel of the poem, and compare them with a few lines from Blake's "Everlasting Gospel." There every line, with all its fighting force, is pure poetry; it was conceived as poetry, born as poetry, and can be changed into no other substance. Here we find a vigorous technique fitting striking thought into good swinging verse, with abundance of apt metaphor; but where is the vision, the essence, which distinguishes it from what, written in prose, would have lost nothing? Ibsen writes out of the intellect, adding fancy and emotion as he goes; but in Blake every line leaps forth like lightning from a cloud.

The motto of Brand was "all or nothing"; that of "Peer Gynt" "to be master of the situation." Both are studies of egoism, in the finding and losing of self; both are personal studies and national lessons. Of "Peer Gynt" Ibsen said, "I meant it to be a caprice." It is Ibsen in high spirits; and it is like a mute dancing at a funeral. It is a harlequin of a poem, a thing of threads and patches; and there are gold threads in it and tattered clouts. It is an experiment which has hardly succeeded, because it

is not one but a score of experiments. It is made up of two elements, an element of folklore and an element of satire. The first comes and goes for the most part with Peer and his mother; and all this brings Norwegian soil with it, and is alive. The satire is fierce, local, and fantastic. Out of the two comes a clashing thing which may itself suggest, as has been said, the immense contrast between Norwegian summer, which is day, and winter, which is night. Grieg's music, childish, mumbling, singing, leaping, and sombre, has aptly illustrated it. It was a thing done on a holiday, for a holiday. It was of this that Ibsen said he could not have written it any nearer home than Ischia and Sorrento. But is it, for all its splendid scraps and patches, a single masterpiece? is it, above all, a poem? The idea, certainly, is one and coherent; every scene is an illustration of that idea; but is it born of that idea? Is it, more than once or twice, inevitable? What touches at times upon poetry is the folk element; the irony at times has poetic substance in it; but this glimmer of poetic substance, which comes and goes, is lost for the most part among mists and vapors, and under artificial light. That poet which exists somewhere in Ibsen, rarely quite out of sight, never wholly at liberty, comes into this queer dance of ideas and humors, and gives it, certainly, the main value it has. But the "state satirist" is always on the heels of the poet; and imagination, whenever it appears for a moment, is led away into bondage by the spirit of the fantastic, which is its prose equivalent or makeshift. It is the fantastic that Ibsen generally gives us in the place of imagination; and the fantastic is a kind of rhetoric, manufactured by the will, and has no place in poetry.

In "The League of Youth" Ibsen

takes finally the step which he had half taken in "Love's Comedy." "In my new comedy," he writes to Dr. Brandes, "you will find the common order of things—no strong emotions, no deep feelings, and, more particularly, no isolated thoughts." He adds: "It is written in prose, which gives it a strong realistic coloring. I have paid particular attention to form, and, among other things, I have accomplished the feat of doing without a single monologue, in fact without a single 'aside'." The play is hardly more than a good farce; the form is no more than the slightest of advances towards probability on the strict lines of the Scribe tradition; the "common order of things" is there, in subject, language, and in everything but the satirical intention which underlies the whole trivial, stupid, and no doubt life-like talk and action. Two elements are still in conflict, the photographic and the satirical; and the satirical is the only relief from the photographic. The stage mechanism is still obvious; but the intention, one sees clearly, is towards realism; and the play helps to get the mechanism in order.

After "The League of Youth" Ibsen tells us that he tried to "seek salvation in remoteness of subject"; so he returned to his old scheme for a play on Julian the Apostate, and wrote the two five-act plays which make up "Emperor and Galilean." He tells us that it is the first work which he wrote under German intellectual influences, and that it contains "that positive theory of life which the critics have demanded of me so long." In one letter he affirms that it is "an entirely realistic work," and in another, "It is a part of my own spiritual life which I am putting into this book . . . and the historical subject chosen has a much more intimate connection with the movements of our own time than one might at first imagine." How great a

relief it must have been, after the beer and sausages of "The League of Youth," to go back to an old cool wine, no one can read "Emperor and Galilean" and doubt. It is a relief and an escape; and the sense of the stage has been put wholly on one side in both of these plays, of which the second reads almost like a parody of the first: the first so heated, so needlessly colloquial, the second so full of argumentative rhetoric. Ibsen has turned against his hero in the space between writing the one and the other; and the Julian of the second is more harshly satirized from within than ever "Peer Gynt" was. In a letter to Dr. Brandes, Ibsen says: "What the book is or is not, I have no desire to enquire. I only know that I saw a fragment of humanity plainly before my eyes, and that I tried to reproduce what I saw." But in the play itself this intention comes and goes; and, while some of it reminds one of "Salammbô" in its attempt to treat remote ages realistically, other parts are given up wholly to the exposition of theories, and yet others to a kind of spectacular romance, after the cheap method of George Ebers and the German writers of historical fiction. The satire is more serious, the criticism of ideas more fundamental than anything in "The League of Youth"; but, as in almost the whole of Ibsen's more characteristic work up to this point, satire strives with realism; it is still satire, not irony, and is not yet, as the later irony is to be, a deepening, and thus a justification, of the realism.

Eight years passed between "The League of Youth" and "The Pillars of Society"; but they are both woven of the same texture. Realism has made for itself a firmer footing; the satire has more significance; the mechanism of the stage goes much more smoothly, though indeed to a more conventionally happy ending; melodrama has

taken some of the place of satire. Yet the "state-satirist" is still at his work, still concerned with society and bringing only a new detail of the old accusation against society. Like every play of this period, it is the unveiling of a lie. See yourselves as you are, the man of science seems to be saying to us. Here are your "pillars of society"; they are the tools of society. Here is your happy marriage, and it is a doll's house. Here is your respected family, here is the precept of "honor your father and your mother" in practice; and here is the little voice of heredity whispering, "ghosts"! There is the lie of respectability, the lie hidden behind marriage, the lie which saps the very roots of the world.

Ibsen is no preacher, and he has told us expressly that "Ghosts" "preaches nothing at all." This pursuit of truth to its most secret hiding-place is not a sermon against sin; it sets a scientific dogma visibly to work, and watches the effect of the hypothesis. As the dogma is terrible and plausible, and the logic of its working-out faultless, we get one of the deeper thrills that modern art has to give us. I would take "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," and "The Wild Duck" as Ibsen's three central plays, the plays in which his method completely attained its end, in which his whole capacities are seen at their finest balance; and this work, this reality in which every word, meaningless in itself, is alive with suggestion, is the finest scientific work which has been done in literature. Into this period comes his one buoyant play, "An Enemy of the People," his rebound against the traditional hypocrisy which had attacked "Ghosts" for its telling of unseasonable truths; it is an allegory, in the form of journalism, or journalism in the form of allegory, and is the "apology" of the man of science for his mission. Every play is a dissection, or a vivisection rather; for

these people who suffer so helplessly, and are shown us so calmly in their agonies, are terribly alive. "A Doll's House" is the first of Ibsen's plays in which the puppets have no visible wires. The playwright has perfected his art of illusion; beyond "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts" dramatic illusion has never gone. And the irony of the ideas that work these living puppets has now become their life-blood. It is the tragic irony of a playwright who is the greatest master of technique since Sophocles, but who is only the playwright in Sophocles, not the poet.

For this moment, the moment of his finest achievement, that fantastic element which was Ibsen's resource against the prose of fact is so sternly repressed that it seems to have left no trace behind. With "The Wild Duck" fantasy comes back, but with a more precise and explicit symbolism, not yet disturbing the reality of things. Here the irony is more disinterested than even in "Ghosts," for it turns back on the reformer and shows us how tragic a muddle we may bring about in the pursuit of truth and in the name of our ideals. In each of the plays which follows we see the return and encroachment of symbolism, the poetic impulse crying for satisfaction and offering us ever new forms of the fantastic in place of any simple and sufficing gift of the imagination. The man of science has had his way, has fulfilled his aim, and is discontented with the limits within which he has fulfilled it. He would extend those limits; and at first it seems as if those limits are to be extended. But the exquisite pathos which humanizes what is fantastic in "The Wild Duck" passes, in "Rosmersholm," in which the problems of "Love's Comedy" are worked out to their logical conclusion, into a form, not of genuine tragedy, but of mental melodrama. In "The Lady from the Sea," how far is the symbol

which has eaten up reality really symbol? Is it not rather the work of the intelligence than of the imagination? Is it not allegory intruding into reality, disturbing that reality and giving us no spiritual reality in its place?

"Hedda Gabler" is closer to life; and Ibsen said about it in a letter:

"It was not really my desire to deal in this play with so-called problems. What I principally wanted to do was to depict human beings, human emotions, and human destinies upon a groundwork of certain of the social conditions and principles of the present day."

The play might be taken for a study in that particular kind of "decadence" which has come to its perfection in uncivilized and overcivilized Russia; and the woman whom Ibsen studied as his model was actually half-Russian. Eleonora Duse has created Hedda over again, as a poet would have created her, and has made a wonderful creature whom Ibsen never conceived, or at least never rendered. Ibsen has tried to add his poetry by way of ornament, and gives us a trivial and inarticulate poet about whom float certain catchwords. Here the chief catchword is "vine-leaves in the hair"; in "The Master-builder" it is "harps in the air"; in "Little Eyolf" it takes human form and becomes the Rat-wife; in "John Gabriel Borkman" it drops to the tag of "a dead man and two shadows"; in "When we Dead Awaken" there is nothing but icy allegory. All that queer excitement of "The Master-builder," that "ideal" awake again, is it not really a desire to open one's door to the younger generation? But is it the younger generation that finds itself at home there? is it not rather "Peer Gynt" back again, and the ride through the air on the back of the reindeer?

In his earlier plays Ibsen had stud-

ied the diseases of society, and he had considered the individual only in his relation to society. Now he turns to study the diseases of the individual conscience. Only life interests him now, and only life feverishly alive; and the judicial irony has gone out of his scheme of things. The fantastic, experimental artist returns, now no longer external, but become morbidly curious. The man of science, groping after something outside science, reaches back, though with a certain uneasiness, to the nursery legend of the Rat-wife in "Little Eyolf"; and the Rat-wife is neither reality nor imagination, neither Mother Bombie nor Macbeth's witches, but the offspring of a supernaturalism that does not believe in itself. In "John Gabriel Borkman," which is the culmination of Ibsen's skill in construction, a play in four acts with only the pause of a minute between each, he is no longer content to concern himself with the old material, lies or misunderstandings, the irony of things happening as they do; but will have fierce hatreds, and a kind of incipient madness in things. In "When we Dead Awaken," all the people are quite consciously insane, and act a kind of charade with perfectly solemn faces, and a visible effort to look their parts.

In these last plays, with their many splendid qualities, not bound together and concentrated as in "Ghosts," we see the revenge of the imagination upon the realist, who has come to be no longer interested in the action of society upon the individual, but in the individual as a soul to be lost or saved. The man of science has discovered the soul, and does not altogether know what to do with it. He has settled its limits, set it to work in space and time, laid bare some of its secrets, shown its "physical basis." And now certain eccentricities in it begin to beckon to him; he would follow the soul into the

darkness, but it is dark to him; he can but strain after it as it flutters. In the preface to the collected edition of his plays, published in 1901, Maeterlinck has pointed out, as one still standing at the cross-roads might point out to those who have followed him so far on his way, the great uncertainty in which the poet, the dramatist of to-day, finds himself, as what seems to be known or conjectured of "the laws of Nature" is forced upon him, making the old, magnificently dramatic opportunities of the ideas of fate, of eternal justice, no longer possible for him to use.

Le poète dramatique est obligé de faire descendre dans la vie réelle, dans la vie de tous les jours, l'idée qu'il se fait de l'inconnu. Il faut qu'il nous montre de quelle façon, sous quelle forme, dans quelles conditions, d'après quelles lois, à quelle fin, agissent sur nos destinées les puissances supérieures, les influences inintelligibles, les principes infinis, dont, en tant que poète, il est persuadé que l'univers est plein. Et comme il est arrivé à une heure où loyalement il lui est à peu près impossible d'admettre les anciennes, et où celles qui les doivent remplacer ne sont pas encore déterminées, n'ont pas encore de nom, il hésite, tâtonne, et s'il veut rester absolument sincère, il n'ose plus se risquer hors de la réalité immédiate. Il se borne à étudier les sentiments humains dans leurs effets matériels et psychologiques.

So long as Ibsen does this, he achieves great and solid things; and in "Ghosts" a scientific dogma, the law or theory of heredity, has for once taken the place of Fate, and almost persuaded us that science, if it takes poetry from us, can restore to us a kind of poetry. But, as Maeterlinck has seen, as it is impossible not to see,

quand Ibsen, dans d'autres drames, essaie de relier à d'autres mystères les

gestes de ses hommes en mal de conscience exceptionnelle ou de ses femmes hallucinées, il faut convenir que, si l'atmosphère qu'il parvient à créer est étrange et troublante, elle est rarement saine et respirable, parce qu'elle est rarement raisonnable et réelle.

From the time when, in "A Doll's House," Ibsen's puppets came to life, they have refused ever since to be put back into their boxes. The manager may play what tricks with them he pleases, but he cannot get them back into their boxes. They are alive, and they live with a weird, spectacular, but irrevocable life. But, after the last play of all, the dramatic epilogue, "When we Dead Awaken," the puppets have gone back into their boxes.

Now they have come to obey the manager, and to make mysterious gestures which they do not understand, and to speak in images and take them for literal truths. Even their spectral life has gone out of them; they are rigid now, and only the strings set them dancing. The puppets had come to life, they had lived the actual life of the earth; and then a desire of the impossible, the desire of a life rarefied beyond human limits, took their human life from them, and they were puppets again. The epilogue to the plays is the apostasy of the man of science, and, as with all apostates, his new faith is not a vital thing; the poet was not really there to reawaken.

Before Ibsen the drama was a part of poetry; Ibsen has made it prose. All drama up to Ibsen had been romantic; Ibsen made it science. Until Ibsen no playwright had ever tried to imitate life on the stage, or even, as Ibsen does, to interpret it critically. The desire of every dramatist had been to create over again a more abundant life, and to create it through poetry or through humor; through some form, that is, of the imagination.

There was a time when Ibsen too would have made poetry of the drama; there was a time when verse seemed to him the only adequate form in which drama could be written. But his power to work in poetry was not equal to his desire to be a poet; and, when he revolted against verse and deliberately adopted as his material "the common order of things," when he set himself, for the first time in the history of the drama, to produce an illusion of reality rather than a translation or transfiguration of reality, he discovered his own strength, the special gift which he had brought into the world; but at the same time he set, for himself and for his age, his own limits to drama.

It is quite possible to write poetic drama in prose, though to use prose rather than verse is to write with the left hand rather than with the right. Before Ibsen, prose had been but a serving-maid to verse; and no great dramatist had ever put forward the prose conception of the drama. Shakespeare and the Elizabethans had used prose as an escape or a side-issue, for variety, or for the heightening of verse. Molière had used prose as the best makeshift for verse, because he was not himself a good craftsman in the art. And, along with the verse, and necessarily dependent upon it, there was the poetic, the romantic quality in drama. Think of those dramatists who seem to have least kinship with poetry; think, I will not say of Molière, but of Congreve. What is more romantic than "The Way of the World"? But Ibsen extracts the romantic quality from drama as if it were a poison; and, in deciding to write realistically in prose, he gives up every aim but that which he defines, so early as 1874, as the wish "to produce the impression on the reader that what he was reading was something that had really happened." He is not

even speaking of the effect in a theatre; he is defining his aim inside the covers of a book, his whole conception of drama.

The art of imitation has never been carried farther than it has been carried by Ibsen in his central plays; and with him, at his best, it is no mere imitation but a critical interpretation of life. How greatly this can be done, how greatly Ibsen has done it, there is "Ghosts" to show us. Yet at what point this supreme criticism may stop, what remains beyond it in the treatment of the vilest contemporary material, we shall see if we turn to a play which seems at first sight more grossly realistic than the most realistic play of Ibsen — Tolstoi's "Powers of Darkness." Though, as one reads or sees it, the pity and fear seem to weigh almost intolerably upon one, the impression left upon the mind when the reading or the performance is over, is that left by the hearing of noble and tragic music. How, out of such human discords, such a divine harmony can be woven I do not know; that is the secret of Tolstoi's genius, as it is the secret of the musician's. Here, achieved in terms of naked horror, we find some of the things which Maeterlinck has aimed at and never quite rendered through an atmosphere and through forms of vague beauty. And we find also another kind of achievement, by the side of which Ibsen's cunning adjustments of reality seem a little trivial or a little unreal. Here, for once, human life is islanded on the stage, a pin-point of light in an immense darkness; and the sense of that surrounding darkness is conveyed to us, as in no other modern play, by an awful sincerity and an unparalleled simplicity. Whether Tolstoi has learnt by instinct some stagecraft which playwrights have been toiling after in vain, or by what conscious and deliberate art he has supplemented instinct, I do

not know. But, out of horror and humor, out of some creative abundance which has taken the dregs of human life up into itself and transfigured them by that pity which is understanding, by that faith which is creation, Tolstoi has in this play done what Ibsen has never done — given us an interpretation of life which owes nothing to science, nothing to the prose conception of life, but which, in spite of its form, is essential poetry.

Ibsen's concern is with character; and no playwright has created a more probable gallery of characters with whom we can become so easily and so completely familiar. They live before us, and with apparently so unconscious a self-revelation that we speculate about them as we would about real people, and sometimes take sides with them against their creator. Nora would, would not, have left her children! We know all their tricks of mind, their little differences from other people, their habits, the things that a novelist spends so much of his time in bringing laboriously before us. Ibsen, in a single stage direction, gives you more than you would find in a chapter of a novel. His characters, when they are most themselves, are modern, of the day or moment; they are average, and represent nothing which we have not met with, nothing which astonishes us because it is of a nobility, a heroism, a wildness beyond our acquaintance. It is for this that he has been most praised; and there is something marvellous in the precision of his measurements of just so much and no more of the soul.

Yet there are no great characters in Ibsen; and do not great characters still exist? Ibsen's exceptional people never authenticate themselves as being greatly exceptional; their genius is vouched for on a report which they are themselves unable to confirm, as in the inarticulate poet Lövborg, or on

their own assertion, as with John Gabriel Borkman, of whom even Dr. Brandes admits, "His own words do not convince me, for one, that he has ever possessed true genius." When he is most himself, when he has the firmest hold on his material, Ibsen limits himself to that part of the soul which he and science know. By taking the average man as his hero, by having no hero, no villain, only probable levels, by limiting human nature to the bounds within which he can clinically examine it, he shirks, for the most part, the greatest crisis of the soul. Can the greatest drama be concerned with less than the ultimate issues of nature, the ultimate types of energy? with Lear and with *Oedipus*? The world of Shakespeare and of the Greeks is the world; it is universal, whether Falstaff blubbers in the tavern or Philoctetes cries in the cave. But the world which Ibsen really knows is that little segment of the world which we call society; its laws are not those of nature, its requirements are not the requirements of God or of man; it is a business association for the capture and division of profits; it is, in short, a fit subject for scientific study, but no longer a part of the material of poetry. The characteristic plays of Ibsen are rightly known as "social dramas." Their problem, for the main part, is no longer man in the world, but man in society. That is why they have no atmosphere, no background, but are carefully localized.

The rhythm of prose is physiological; the rhythm of poetry is musical. There is in every play of Ibsen a rhythm perfect of its kind, but it is the physiological rhythm of prose. The rhythm of a play of Shakespeare speaks to the blood like wine or music; it is with exultation, with intoxication, that we see or read "Antony and Cleopatra," or even "Richard II." But the rhythm of

a play of Ibsen is like that of a diagram in Euclid; it is the rhythm of logic, and it produces in us the purely mental exaltation of a problem solved. These people who are seen so clearly, moving about in a well-realized world, using probable words and doing necessary things, may owe some of their manner at least to the modern French stage, and to the pamphleteer's prose world of Dumas *filz*; yet, though they may illustrate problems, they no longer recite them. They are seen, not as the poet sees his people, naked against a great darkness, but clothed and contemporary, from the level of an ironical observer who sits in a corner of the same room. It is the doctor who sits there, watching his patients, and smiling ambiguously as he infers from his knowledge of their bodies what pranks their souls are likely to play.

If Ibsen gets no other kind of beauty, does he not get beauty of emotion? Or can there be beauty in an intensity of emotion which can be at least approached, in the power of thrilling, by an *Adelphi* melodrama? Is the speech of his people, when it is most nearly a revelation of the obscure forces outside us or within us, more than a stammering of those to whom unconsciousness does not lend distinction but intensifies idiosyncrasy? Drama, in its essence, requires no speech; it can be played by marionettes, or in dumb show, and be entralling. But, speech once admitted, must not that speech, if it is to collaborate in supreme drama, be filled with imagination, be itself a beautiful thing? To Ibsen beauty has always been of the nature of an ornament, not an end. He would concentrate it into a catchword, repeated until it has lost all emotional significance. For the rest, his speech is the language of the newspaper, recorded with the fidelity of the phonograph. Its whole aim is at economy, as if economy were an end rather than a means.

Has not Ibsen, in the social dramas, tried to make poems without words? There is to be beauty of motive and beauty of emotion; but the words are to be the plainest of all the plain words which we use in talking with one another, and nothing in them is to speak greatly when great occasions arise. Men's speech in great drama is as much higher than the words they would use in real life as their thoughts are higher than those words. It says the unuttered part of our speech. Ibsen would suppress all this heightening as he has suppressed the soliloquy and the aside. But here what he suppresses is not a convention but a means of interpretation. It is suppressing the essence for the sake of the accident.

Ibsen's genius for the invention of a situation has never been surpassed.

The Quarterly Review.

More living characters than the characters of Ibsen have never moved on the stage. His women are at work now in the world, interpreting women to themselves, helping to make the women of the future. He has peopled a new world. But the inhabitants of this new world, before they begin to transgress its laws and so lose their own citizenship there, are so faithfully copied from the people about us that they share their dumbness, that dumbness to which it is the power and privilege of poetry to give speech. Given the character and the situation, what Ibsen asks at the moment of crisis is: What would this man be most likely to say? not, What would be the finest, the most deeply revealing thing that he could say? In that difference lies all the difference between prose and poetry.

Arthur Symons.

THE EFFECTS OF CIVILIZATION UPON CLIMATE.

Although men in their pride may on occasion think otherwise, nothing can alter the eternal purposes of Nature. Over and above the fretful workings of humanity, the great mother, supremely calm, pursues the even tenor of her way. Countless generations may come and go, each more energetic than the last, vast and far-reaching schemes be carried into effect, yet "they shall all wax old as doth a garment." Nevertheless, it would be idle to deny that mankind is often able, for a while at any rate, to work in opposition to natural laws; any mark which he may leave, however, will be purely temporary, to be effaced completely by the passage of time. Still the fact remains that the human race may continue to hold its own against the forces of nature over a comparatively long period.

One of the most interesting points

which arise out of the consideration of man and the natural world is the question as to whether the developments of civilization may in any way affect the climatic conditions prevalent in the different countries of the earth. The subject is not by any means new, neither is it one concerning which there is universal agreement. Indeed, it is an oft debated matter upon which many authorities find themselves at variance. By some it is positively asserted that the relatively tiny efforts of man cannot have the least power to bring about meteorological change; and, whilst one fully appreciates the insignificance of human endeavor, yet the evidence which can be brought forward in favor of the theory of artificial interference with climate serves to show that the idea is not such a fanciful one as some would have us believe. There is no doubt that when

the possibility of artificial climatic change was first mooted a great deal of exaggerated statement was brought forward, and in recent years there has been a strong tendency to discredit the theory as a whole on the ground that so many of the original assertions have been proved to be entirely fictitious. The question is very fascinating and one of peculiar interest to the citizens of the vast British Empire, which in its many parts, covering one-fifth of the globe, is subject to every conceivable form of climatic condition.

It has always appeared to the writer that people who scout the idea of anything that man may do affecting the weather (putting aside the question of climatic change for the moment) can scarcely realize the extremely local character which is often a feature of meteorological conditions. An instance like the following is no uncommon happening: In a particular district fine, bright weather may be constant throughout the day, whilst a few miles distant heavy storms of rain will be experienced. This clearly shows that the area over which a particular type of weather is prevailing may be comparatively small in extent. Viewed in this light it does not seem so difficult to believe that in a given locality the weather might be influenced by some artificial feature. We need not go very far away to find an incontrovertible proof that this is so. No one will say that the huge city of London does not affect its own weather. The volume of smoke which arises from hundreds of thousands of chimneys turns day into night on many occasions when it would otherwise be fine and sunny. Moreover, the smoke from the great city is not only obnoxious within the borders of the metropolis, but its influence is felt over a much greater tract of country than is generally supposed. In

Berkshire, forty miles away from Lon-

don, an observer has remarked that the prevalence of an easterly wind during a number of hours frequently results in the sky being overcast with dull yellow clouds, evidently charged with sooty smoke. The people of the Oxfordshire hill villages are well acquainted with the effects of London smoke, and even during bright summer weather, should the wind happen to shift to the right quarter, the clearness of the atmosphere will be obscured by a blue haze and a distinctly sulphurous smell will be noticeable in the air. Of course, it may be truthfully said that London does more than influence its weather—it affects its climate as a whole. Even in the finest weather the canopy of sky over the metropolis is more or less obscured by the smoke veil—it is never entirely clear.

The presence of a large number of buildings in any situation will raise the temperature of the locality, whilst the influence of the warmth arising from a large number of fires must not by any means be overlooked. Experiments conducted in London, Berlin, and Paris serve to show that the average annual temperature in the cities is two or three degrees higher than in the surrounding country. At certain times of the year there is often a greater difference still, and it is noticeable that in cities sudden changes are not felt to the same extent that they are in the open country. In fact, we may imagine that London is enveloped by a great covering of warm air, which serves to repel the onslaughts of cold, for a time at any rate. Most people must have noticed how the trees and shrubs in the London parks burst into leaf a good deal earlier than is the case with specimens under less sheltered surroundings, and we may take it that plants are the best guarantee as to the mildness of any situation.

After all, of course, London and its

like are not very big matters as far as area is concerned; at best the influence which these cities may bring to bear will extend not more than a few square miles. It will be necessary to push the point of the possible effects of civilization upon climate to a much greater issue. Is it conceivable that man by his works may affect the climatic conditions of large tracts of land, whole countries in fact? In the first instance we can hardly do better than take England as an example. It is well known that during the last two centuries there has been an immense reduction in the amount of marsh land in this country; notably in the Fen district, if a particular instance is desired. Now damp soil is always colder than dry, and as may be imagined the amount of moisture in land has a very decided effect upon the temperature of the atmosphere. Conceive a huge area of land many miles in extent, which from a very wet state has been artificially drained for purposes of cultivation into a dry condition. It must be admitted that it does not seem a very far-fetched idea to hold that such a change would bring about a very definite, and probably permanent alteration in the climate. This is what has actually taken place in England, for it is a proved fact that the temperature in this country is appreciably higher than it was several hundred years ago. Although accurate observations have not extended over a sufficiently long period to establish the fact with mathematical exactitude, we know that Glaisher in his time computed that the mean temperature at Greenwich had risen two degrees in the preceding hundred years. Very old people are frequently heard to remark that the winters are not so severe as they remember in their childhood's days, and whilst giving every allowance, the observation is made so often and by such a number of differ-

ent people, that one cannot help attaching some weight to the statement. Severe winters do not appear to visit us so often as was the case formerly, and certainly British winters are later in coming than they used to be, for it is very rarely that any prolonged spell of cold is experienced until the New Year. The old fashioned winter often commenced in December, or even in November, as is very evident from the records which have been handed down to us. A typically modern winter was that of the year 1895, when the rigors of the season were scarcely felt until February, and were extended well into March. There seems to be a clear reason for this. The well-drained lands of Britain are so thoroughly warmed by the summer sun that it takes a longer time for the icy grip of winter to take hold of the country; even when at last winter does appear the increasing power of the sun as the season draws away towards Spring exerts a powerful influence in the modification of the cold weather. The vast "tundras" which form so large a part of the northern portion of Siberia doubtless exert a powerful influence on the climate of that desolate region. On account of the exceedingly marshy character of the land, it is so thoroughly chilled that even in the height of summer, on days when the sun is oppressively hot, the soil is frozen hard within a few inches of the surface. Doubtless if these great bog lands could be drained of their superabundant moisture it would lead to a diminution of the severity of cold experienced during the winter months.

The point as to whether the presence of large tracts of forest land may in any way influence climate is one around which there has been an immense amount of controversy. It has been definitely established that the presence of large numbers of trees in tropical regions, notably in South

America and Africa, has a tendency to reduce the temperature of a locality. This fact is readily to be understood, for it is only reasonable to suppose that country thickly covered with jungle is not so exposed to the burning rays of the torrid sun, and as a consequence the land does not get so heated. One of the principal causes of the intense heat of deserts is the fact that the ground is entirely unprotected by vegetation and absorbs the heat of the solar orb without interruption. The destruction of a large tract of forest in the tropics would be calculated to result in a marked increase in the temperature of the district. In their capacity as shelterers from strong and cold winds trees are by no means to be despised. Large belts of forest land will often afford protection in this respect to considerable areas of country, as settlers have found out to their cost after deforestation has been carried out. It is said that in the State of Michigan, where formerly peaches were cultivated to a large extent, since the disappearance of the forest land their production has been rendered impossible owing to the disastrous effects of the cold winds in the Spring time.

Most important of all, however, is the question concerning the probable effects of forests upon rainfall. In spite of a great deal of conflicting evidence upon the subject it may be concluded that large numbers of trees (not mere isolated groups), do have a real influence upon the amount of rain which is experienced in a district. Trees, as is well known, increase the humidity of the atmosphere by the evaporation of moisture from their foliage, and it is only natural to suppose that this is precipitated again in showers. It is generally believed that the destruction of the forest land in Central India has led to a diminution in the annual rainfall, and the same thing has been felt to an alarming de-

gree in some of the smaller West Indian islands. In America it is positively asserted that the cutting down of the virgin forests has resulted in long spells of drought. It is observed as well that storms are of greater violence, seeming to point to the fact that the trees had an equalizing influence upon the climate. So concerned are the inhabitants at what they deem to be the consequence of deforestation that they are taking steps to replant all available pieces of land with saplings. An observer in South America has noticed that the clouds generally hang over the forest land. He says:

In the Corderilla at Bogota, clouds with rain falling from them can be seen hanging over the forests, while near by over ground which is covered with shrubs, or is used for agriculture, the sky is blue and the sun is shining. It appears further that this open country has been deforested, and that with the change in the covering of the soil the climate has also changed to some extent.

In another and very important way in the tropics where dews are heavy, forests largely enhance the precipitation of moisture. During a thick morning mist an immense amount of water condenses on the millions of leaves, and this with a steady drip falls to the ground beneath forming a very good substitute for rain. One instance may be cited where the water supply of a large establishment is almost entirely derived from moisture dropping from trees—that of the garrison of a naval station in Ascension Isle. It is mentioned by Abbe in "Forest Influence" in the following terms:

The principal water-supply for the garrison of this naval station is gathered several miles away at the summit of Green Mountain, the upper part of which has always been green with

verdure since the island was discovered; almost all of this water comes from slight showers and steady dripping of trees enveloped in cloud fog on the windward side of the mountain.

As may be imagined, if the trees be not too thick in growth to obstruct, the light grass and small, tender herbs will flourish under the branches in such a way as would not be possible in the open country. This knowledge might be turned to good account by agriculturists in tropical regions where it is often so difficult to grow green food for cattle.

The fact having been established that deforestation will be likely to cause a reduction in the amount of precipitated moisture in a district, the point arises as to whether by the re-planting of the one-time forest land the climatic conditions might be changed so as to bring about a more abundant rainfall. The question is one which it is most difficult to answer with any certainty, as it is not easy to obtain any decided data on the matter at present. The destruction of forests is a work which can proceed with great rapidity, but their entire replacement is a very slow business which it may take many generations to complete. In Germany it is said that there is good reason to believe that in certain districts where extensive reforestation has been carried out, the result has been an increase in the amount of rain and a general reversion of the climate to its original state. In America, too, as has been already noted, the idea that spells of drought might be prevented by reforestation is generally credited, although there is little that is reliable in the way of evidence to be brought forward. After all, there is nothing very far-fetched in the idea that the replanting of forests might restore a climate to its condition before the denudation of the land, if we accept the

theory that trees influence climate at all.

It is a remarkable thing, although at first sight the statement may seem to be a confusion of cause and effect, that all the desert regions of the earth are practically destitute of trees. Of course, in a general sense, it must be admitted that the trees are not there because of the rainless character of the climate; still one may venture to opine that, could large sections of the Sahara desert be irrigated and clothed with forests, even that thirsty land might be blessed with grateful showers. It is likely that in years to come some interesting changes in the climate of Egypt may delight the meteorologists of the day, as the result of the extensive schemes of land irrigation which are making many a barren spot "blossom as the rose." If afforestation leads to an increase in the annual rainfall of a country, we in England may be pardoned for wishing that the various societies, now actively propagating the doctrine of tree-planting, had never seen the light of day. Rain is a good and excellent thing in its way, but in these last few years, when we have been feeling the full effects of a "wet cycle," one can hardly view the prospect of additional downpours with equanimity.

To sum up the whole matter it is impossible to deny that man and his works do influence climate to a greater or less extent; the spread of civilization in a new land has a real effect on the annual tale of weather. The study of the subject is in its infancy, and research in the matter is beset by peculiar difficulties owing to the fact that definite evidence is long in coming and not easily obtainable. That special attention to this particular branch of meteorology will be given in the future there can be no doubt, and with the more reliable data which the student will then have at his command

some valuable conclusions may be expected. At the present time the fact that extermination of swamps and drainage of land tends to raise the temperature of a district, is worthy of serious attention. Many parts of the world would become more readily habitable both for animals and plants if the land could be released from the iron grip of frost during the summer

The Monthly Review.

and the winter season rendered less severe, even though it was only a mean annual increase of a few degrees. Of course, with our present resources schemes of this kind could not be carried out by one generation; rather will they be the outcome of the gradual spread of civilizing influences brought into being by the energetic nations of the earth.

S. Leonard Bastin.

AMELIA AND THE DOCTOR.

CHAPTER III.

HOW COLONEL FRASER FORGAVE HIS DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Copman's cottage was a large one for a lone woman, having three rooms on the upper story, and a kitchen and parlor on the ground floor, but it suffered under the inconvenience, common to nearly all the cottages in the village, that the street door opened directly on the parlor. The object first to greet the Colonel's eyes as he went in, after knocking and receiving leave to enter, was the grinning mask of a stuffed fox which stood on an oak bureau precisely facing the door, as if it were the guardian spirit of the threshold. The fox had been found dead in Lord Riverslade's woods by the late Mr. Copman. Poison had been revealed by the *post mortem* examination as the cause of its death, to the unspeakable wrath of Lord Riverslade, who had accused, with most perfect courtesy, every person on his estate, in turn, of being the author of the outrage, without a shadow of proof against any one of them. In the end the *corpus delicti* had been allowed to remain in the hands of the finder, who had stuffed and set it up with a skill in taxidermy that was the admiration

of the village. Averting his eyes with some effort from the glassy stare of the fox, the Colonel perceived Mrs. Copman's small figure in a bird-cage-backed armchair which was drawn up close to the fire, in spite of the warmth of the summer night. She wished her visitor good evening without rising from the chair, and scanned him with a keen glance. "There be a candle where the poor thing lies, at the head of the stair," she said shortly.

The stairway required no indicating for it led, with a strict economy of space, from the parlor to the upper story. The Colonel respected the old woman's taciturnity, which accorded with his own mood, and mounted the stairs, with a heavy step, in silence. The girl stayed, hesitatingly, with the old woman below. "He won't want ye, my dear," Mrs. Copman said, not unkindly. "What he has to say to her had best be said alone."

"But he can say nothing," the child objected, tears starting to her eyes. "She's dead."

"Yes, my dear, she's dead, but maybe he has that to say to her he can say better now than when she was alive."

The girl, not comprehending, sat miserably on the extreme edge of a chair.

The backwards and forwards movement of the full-rigged ship that was worked by the pendulum of the grandfather's clock fascinated her tired eyes, and she watched it vacantly while her thoughts were in the room overhead. Every step of the Colonel's heavy and creaking boots was distinctly to be heard in the parlor. She could picture his going across the room to the bed where lay the dead body of her mother, the only friend she had in the world. The creaking steps paused, and she could imagine the man standing, looking down on the poor dead thing. Then there came a sound with a different note, as heavy as before, but without the shrill creak. The girl withdrew her eyes from the rocking ship and turned them questioningly on the old woman, whom she found, to her surprise, closely watching her.

"He be kneeling down beside, now, talking to her," the old woman said, answering the question of the girl's eyes.

The girl was silent again, thinking of all these things. Then she put into words the thought that had been in her mind a good deal during the last hour or so. "Why should that gentleman be kneeling beside mammy? Why should he go to see her?" The old woman considered her answer more than was common with her, but when it came she snapped it out quickly enough, "Because he be her father." "Her father! Then why did mammy come here to you, and not to him?" But Mrs. Copman seemed smitten with a sudden deafness and gave no answer to this question.

A creak on the boards of the room above hinted that the Colonel had risen from his knees. He bent down over the bed till his lips touched the cold white forehead. "Forgive me, daughter," he said, in a whisper. "I forgive." Then he turned and creaked

again, with a heavy solemnity, down the stairs.

On this second occasion of the Colonel's coming into her parlor, Mrs. Copman received him in quite a different manner. She now rose from her chair, drew up to the neighborhood of the fire a chair for her visitor, carefully wiped it with her apron, although all in the cottage was scrupulously clean, and invited him to sit down. The difference clearly was meant to mark her recognition that the Colonel's first call and business was in the room above. That finished, there would be subjects on which he might be wishing to speak with her. That this precisely was the case his first words showed. "You have some packet or papers for me, I think, Mrs. Copman."

The little woman rose quickly and easily, in spite of her years, and went to the old oak bureau over which was the stuffed fox, eternally a-grin. From one of its drawers she took out a sealed envelope of some size, addressed to the Colonel.

"Will you forgive me, Mrs. Copman," he asked courteously, "if I open these now? There is a certain document I should be very glad if I could find among them."

The old woman sent at him a keen glance of interrogation. "When did my poor daughter come?" the Colonel asked, as he broke the envelope of the packet.

Mrs. Copman gave the Colonel those details of his daughter's arrival which his question seemed to ask for, but it was evident that in his anxiety to inspect the papers that she had given him he paid no heed to what she said. The papers consisted of the certificates of the holding of stock in various limited liability companies by "Alice Rivers." These the Colonel did not honor so much as even to glance at the value or amount of the stock men-

tioned on each. One after the other, he passed them quickly through his long brown fingers, looking carefully in the folds of each for any other paper that they might conceal. Evidently the object of his search was something other than these certificates of shares. It was no less evident, finally, that the object was not forthcoming. When he had finished with the papers he looked once into the recesses of the long envelope from which he had drawn them, to see whether by chance he had left any document behind. He found nothing further, and restored the papers to the envelope with a heavy sigh. Then he sat still and silent, gazing into vacancy, apparently quite oblivious of his surroundings. His reverie was broken by the chime of the grandfather-clock commencing to announce resonantly the hour of ten. For Barton village the time was late. The better part of an hour had elapsed since the Colonel had entered the cottage. He rose from his chair, collected his thoughts with apparent effort, placed the envelope with the papers enclosed in it carefully in his pocket, and gave a few directions in a low voice to Mrs. Copman. In a grimly gentle manner, with a suspicion of a smile just softening the rugged lines of his face, he bade the little girl good-night, making no movement to kiss her, but holding out his large bony hand to be shaken by her small soft one. "You will keep her with you to-night," he said to Mrs. Copman. "After that she will live with me."

He spoke with an air of absolute authority in regard to the disposal of the child's future, and at no turn of his career had he ever borne himself as a man who would shirk responsibilities. The little girl put her hand in his to say good-night, and looked up into his stern face with blue eyes widely and wonderingly open, but tearless and trustful.

CHAPTER IV.

COLONEL FRASER CALLS UPON LORD RIVERSLADE.

A more simple funeral than that of the Colonel's daughter had seldom passed down the village street. From the wicket gate of Mrs. Copman's cottage to the door of the churchyard was but a hundred yards or so. A few minutes before the hour fixed for the burial the bell began tolling from the immensely high tower which had originally been built of such unusual dimensions in order that it might serve as a navigating guide for the ships off the coast. The solemn toll could be heard throughout the village, and shortly after its first note had sounded the little cortège left Mrs. Copman's cottage and began its short procession to the church. The coffin was borne by four villagers, and four mourners, only, followed it. In the first rank, immediately behind the bier, came the Colonel, his grim inscrutable face bowed upon his chest, leading by the hand his granddaughter, who looked very slim and fragile in the deep mourning which formed a pathetic and striking setting to her wonderfully fair hair and coloring. In the second rank were the doctor and Mrs. Copman: and that was all. At the sound of the bell the village matrons and the children who were not at school gathered at their doors and in the street to see the small procession go by. Idle curiosity no doubt was the motive of most of them, but some were moved by a real sympathy with the Colonel, and an interest in the story of which a portion only was known and the remainder filled in with conjecture according to the personal fancy of each narrator. A few retained a lively remembrance of the sweet young face, as they had known it, of the poor lady, now at rest in the coffin which was being taken to its grave in Barton Churchyard,

whom they seemed to see living again in the young girl following her mother's mortal body to its last home.

Arrived at the church door, the doctor accompanied the procession no farther, but made his way through the small concourse of bystanders round the west end of the church, and so, avoiding conversation and meetings, to his house. Mrs. Copman slipped into a pew far back in the church, and the coffin passed up the aisle, followed only by the sad old soldier and the little girl. A few people were present in the church. Miss Carey occupied her own seat, and several of the old retainers of the Castle were in the pews reserved for the Castle servants. They had known, and they had loved, the undisciplined boy who would have been their master some day if the hand of death had not been laid upon him prematurely, and they felt an interest that was better than a mere curiosity in the pathetic fate of the young girl whom he had persuaded to elope with him.

No note of music from the organ and no wreath or flower on the coffin took from the ceremony the aspect of stern puritan simplicity which accorded with the Colonel's character. When the grand and solemn service had been read, both within the church and at the grave, he stood for a moment with uncovered head and sad tearless eyes gazing upon the coffin in its last resting-place. Then he turned to the little girl, whose one hand still clutched his own convulsively, while with the other she held a handkerchief to her streaming eyes, and his face broke into a smile of a wonderful gentleness, of which one could not believe that such grim features would be capable.

"Shall we come away, Vera, dear?" he said.

The child could not speak. She replied to him only by an added pressure of her small hand, and, still hand in

hand, the two went out from the churchyard and up the village street again, and so home to the Colonel's house.

A few days after his daughter's funeral the Colonel went, by appointment, to see Lord Riverslade at the Castle. Lord Riverslade was extremely punctilious in all matters of courtesy and ceremony, but his best friend, had he ever had one, could not have claimed for him that his manner conveyed an impression of geniality or sympathy. It is but just to him to say that he did not appear to make much effort to convey it. When the Colonel was admitted into his presence he came forward rather with the air of a diplomatist welcoming an ambassador of another Power. No communication, other than a note from the Colonel requesting a meeting, and a reply in the same form from Lord Riverslade assenting to the date and hour suggested, had passed between the two men, whom the indiscretions of their children had united with so sad a bond, since the death at Mrs. Copman's cottage. The Colonel could hardly believe that Lord Riverslade had not been informed of it, nor of the identity of the deceased person. The fact was of common knowledge in the village, for the Colonel, after a brief consultation of the pros and cons, had mentally decided that no useful service could be done by trying to keep his daughter's identity a secret. Nevertheless Lord Riverslade said no word of regret or sympathy as he came forward to shake the Colonel's hand, though he held the hand in a longer grasp and with a pressure rather more emphatic than was customary with him, as if intending to intimate in this tacit way all that the other might suppose him desirous of expressing if words could have been found that could convey it.

After the usual greetings the Colonel sat down wearily, like one who has a

heavy task before him and is already more than conscious of its burden.

"Naturally," he began, "you know more or less why I have come."

"Naturally," Lord Riverslade assented. "That is, as you say, more or less. The one thing, in the whole of this unfortunate affair, on which I can congratulate myself is that neither you nor I have had anything for which to reproach ourselves mutually. Neither has been betrayed into heat." His lordship spoke in such glacial tones that one might have deemed them admirably adapted for moderating an undue degree of temperature.

"I am sure I hope it will always be so," the Colonel replied shortly. Then he addressed himself to the task of unfolding the tale to which these remarks of Lord Riversdale served as prologue.

"My daughter," he said, "as you probably know, returned to the village lately and died." Lord Riverslade bowed assentingly.

"The case is the more complicated," the Colonel pursued, "by the fact that she left a daughter."

"So I have been informed," Lord Riverslade replied.

"After her death," said the Colonel, "I looked through such few papers as she had left—there was a packet specially addressed to me—in the hope that among them I might find something that—some evidence, in short," said the Colonel, speaking in a slightly embarrassed manner, "of a marriage. I regret to say that I came across nothing of the kind."

"I confess I should hardly have expected that you would," Lord Riverslade replied bitterly.

"I can hardly say that I went the length of expecting it," Colonel Fraser said, "but I admit that I had allowed myself to hope it."

"Hope is ever the last thing left at the bottom of the casket," Lord River-

slade said sententiously. Then, as the other made no comment on this observation, he added, "May I ask—I do not for a moment wish to ask a question that is impertinent—may I ask if you think it well to tell me the nature of the papers in the packet that you received?"

"Certainly," said the Colonel; "you have a perfect right to ask and to be told. They were scrip certificates to the value of some thirteen hundred pounds."

"In whose name, may I ask?"

"The name on the certificates is Alice Rivers."

Whatever the effect may have been on Lord Riverslade of this information, his pale and sphinx-like face, with its features of fine regularity, was in no way disturbed by it. "And there was no will?" he inquired.

"Nothing; not a scrap."

"Then the money passes—?"

"Seeing that she died intestate," said the Colonel, as the other paused interrogatively, "the estate, as I understand, would naturally pass to her daughter and to myself, as next of kin."

"But since the daughter—" Lord Riverslade began, but checked himself. "Since we have no evidence of a marriage," he recommended, "the effect is that the estate comes to you."

"I believe that to be the case," said the Colonel. "I should rather say that I believe it to be the law. To say that I believe the law to be a just one would be quite another thing. But I need not add perhaps that the effect will be the same as if the estate had been left, as it should have been left, entirely to my granddaughter."

It was often remarked among us in Barton that on the rare occasions when the Colonel was heard to refer to his daughter he was never known to name her as Mrs. Rivers.

"May I ask," said Lord Riverslade,

"whether you have an idea whence this property, such as it is, has been derived?"

"I have no notion—unless you, Lord Riverslade—"

"I never gave my son a penny," his lordship interrupted emphatically.

"Then the presumption would appear to be that it represents his savings."

"It is a presumption, certainly, for so much as it is worth," Lord Riverslade responded drily. "My son, as I knew him, was not of a saving, neither was he of a wage-earning, disposition. But he may have changed; the uses of adversity are blessed. You had no verbal communication with your—your poor daughter, before she died?"

Colonel Fraser was not a student of the moods of men, but even he detected the pause and the difficulty with which this cold man compelled himself to use the epithet of pity in speaking of the dead woman with whom his son had run from home.

"I had no knowledge that she was in the village, or that she was in England even, until after she died," the Colonel answered.

"And she made no communication to Mrs. Copman?"

"She arrived, as I have learnt, so terribly exhausted that she spoke scarcely a word from the time she entered the house till the time she died."

The Colonel's voice faltered. He rose from his chair and walked across the room to the big bay window, where he stood gazing out on the park. Lord Riverslade looked after him with cold, curious eyes. Presently Colonel Fraser came back from the window and resumed his seat.

"Dr. Charlton certified consumption as the cause of death, as I understand?" Lord Riverslade asked.

Colonel Fraser nodded. Soon he rose again abruptly from the seat which he had only just resumed.

"Then I think there is nothing more that I need say."

Lord Riverslade rose too, and they stood facing each other in strange contrast, the one with his stern rugged face and the other with the smooth un wrinkled countenance which is so little index to the soul within that one doubts the soul's very existence.

"There is nothing more, I think," Lord Riverslade assented.

But the Colonel lingered still. "I buried her in the churchyard," he said.

"So I understand," Lord Riverslade replied, economically using again a form of words that had served him more than once during their interview.

"I am proposing to put a simple cross on the grave," the Colonel said. "I think it will be better perhaps to put no name."

He spoke the last words tentatively, almost interrogatively, but there was no doubt at all about the tenor of Lord Riverslade's reply.

"Certainly, no name. It will be much better." If the Colonel felt disappointment at the answer, he did not permit it to express itself in his face.

"The girl, of course," he said, "will have her home with me."

For the first time during the interview Lord Riverslade appeared a little embarrassed. "There was just one thing," he began, "one thing I wanted to say to you. I do not quite know how best to put it with delicacy. You will understand, I am sure, that nothing could be so far from my wish as to wound you in any way, but you must see that as regards this child any responsibility that there may be for her welfare, and for her bringing up, falls to be shared by us equally. You are willing that she should live with you. If you are willing, it is certainly not for me to gainsay the arrangement. For her sake I am exceedingly glad, and for you, a widower, living alone, there are not the inconveniences that

there would be in her coming here, where there is my daughter and where visitors come and go. That she should come here would be against the *conveniences*, as you will readily perceive. But so far as the financial management is concerned, for any pecuniary outlay, I feel that I should undertake at least an equal responsibility."

When he had finished speaking Colonel Fraser did not answer for a moment. It seemed to him as if something was sticking in his throat and he was trying to swallow it down. Perhaps Lord Riverslade's impassive face was in more imminent danger than he appreciated at all of being disturbed from its aristocratic calm by the impact of a large and knuckly fist. And when the Colonel had succeeded in overcoming the obstacle in his throat, he did not make what seemed

at all like a direct answer to the other's proposal. What he said was—

"You think it would be better that she—that your granddaughter—should not come to the Castle? You do not wish to see your granddaughter?" He repeated the word of relationship twice, of set purpose.

Lord Riverslade avoided meeting the Colonel's eye as he replied, "I think it better that she should not come to the Castle."

The Colonel drew himself up very stiffly, rather as if he were on parade, and then he did reply to Lord Riverslade's suggestion: "Your granddaughter and I will come to you for help when we are starving. We will not trouble you before." Then he went out of the room without troubling to wish his host good-bye.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

(To be continued.)

NEW YORK.

To land at Hoboken in a quiet drizzle is to sound the depths of desolation. A raw, half-finished, unkempt street confronts you. Along the roadway, roughly broken into ruts, crawls a sad tram. The dishevelled shops bear odd foreign-looking names upon their fronts, and the dark men who lounge at their doors suggest neither the spirit of hustling nor the grandeur of democracy. It is, in truth, not a street, but the awkward sketch of a street, in which all the colors are blurred and the lines drawn awry. And the sense of desolation is heightened by the memory of the immediate past. You have not yet forgotten the pomp of a great steamship. The gracious harbor of New York is still shining in your mind's eye. If the sentiment of freedom be dear to you, you are fresh from apostrophizing the statue of Lib-

erty, and you may have just whispered to yourself that you are breathing a clearer, larger air. Even the exquisite courtesy of the officer who has invited you in the blandest terms to declare that you have no contraband, has belied the voice of rumor and imparted a glow of satisfaction. And then you are thrown miserably into the leaden despair of Hoboken, and the vision of Liberty herself is effaced.

But Hoboken is an easy place wherefrom to escape, and the traveller may pass through it the more cheerfully, because it prepares him for the manifold contrasts which characterize New York. The towns of the old world have alternations of penury and affluence. In them also picturesque squalor obtrudes itself upon an ugly splendor. But New

York, above all other cities, is the city of contrasts. As America is less a country than a collection of countries, so New York is not a city—it is a collection of cities. Here, on the narrow rock which sustains the real metropolis of the United States, is room for men and women of every faith and every race. The advertisements which glitter in the windows or are plastered upon the hoardings suggest that all nationalities meet with an equal and a flattering acceptance. The German regrets his fatherland the less when he finds a brilliant Bier-Halle waiting for his delight. The Scot no doubt finds the "domestic" cigar sweeter to his taste if Robert Burns adorns the box from which he takes it. And the Jew may be supposed to lose the sense of homesickness when he can read the news of every day in his familiar Yiddish. But it is not only in the contrast of nationalities that New York proves its variety. Though Germans, Italians, and Irish inhabit their own separate quarters and frequent their own separate haunts, there are many other lines of division. Nowhere in the world are there sharper, crueler distinctions of riches and poverty, of intelligence and boorishness, of beauty and ugliness. How, indeed, shall you find a formula for a city which contains within its larger boundaries Fifth Avenue and the Bowery, the Riverside Drive and Brooklyn, Central Park and Coney Island?

And this contrast of race and character is matched by the diversity of the city's aspect. Its architecture is as various as its inhabitants. In spite of demolition and utility, the history of New York is written brokenly upon its walls. Here and there you may detect an ancient frame-house which has escaped the shocks of time and chance, and still holds its own against its sturdier neighbors. Nor is the memory

of England wholly obliterated. Is there not a homely sound in Maiden Lane, a modest thoroughfare not far from Wall Street? What Englishman can feel wholly abroad if he walk out to the Battery, or gaze upon the austere houses of Washington Square? And do not the two churches of Broadway recall the city of London, where the masterpieces of Wren are still hedged about by overshadowing office and frowning warehouse? St. Paul's Chapel, indeed, is English both in style and origin. It might have been built to Sir Christopher's own design, and, flanked by the thirty-two stories of the Park Row building, it has the look of a small and dainty toy. Though Trinity Church, dedicated to the glory of God and the Astors, stands in an equally strange environment, it is less incongruous, as it is less elegant, than St. Paul's. Its spire falls not more than a hundred feet below the surrounding sky-scrappers, and were it not for its graveyard it might escape notice. But its graveyard is one of the wonders of the New World. Rich in memories of colonial days, it remains as lucid a piece of history as New York has to show. The busy mob of cosmopolitans, intent upon trusts and monopolies, which passes its time-worn stones day after day, may find no meaning in its tranquillity. But the wayfarer who is careless of the hours will obey the ancient counsel and stay a while. The inscriptions carry him back to the days before the Revolution, or even into the seventeenth century. Here lies Richard Churcher, who died in 1681, aged no more than five. And there is buried William Bradford, who printed the first newspaper that ever New York saw, the forefather in a long line of the Yellowest Press on earth. And there is inscribed the name of John Watts, the last Royal Recorder of New York. Thus the

wayfarer may step from Broadway into the graveyard of a British colony, and forget, in contemplating the familiar examples of a lapidary style, that there ever was a tea-party at Boston.

These contrasts are wayward and accidental. The hand of chance has been merciful, that is all; and if you would fully understand New York's self-conscious love of incongruity it is elsewhere that you must look. Walk along the Riverside Drive, framed by nature to be, what an enthusiast has called it, "the finest residential avenue in the world." Turn your back to the houses, and contemplate the noble beauty of the Hudson River. Look from the terrace of Claremont upon the sunlit scene, and ask yourself whether Paris herself offers a gayer prospect. And then face the "high-class residences," and humble your heart. Nowhere else will you get a clearer vision of the inappropriateness which is the most devoutly worshipped of New York's idols. The human mind cannot imagine anything less like "residences" than these vast blocks of vulgarity. The styles of all ages and all countries have been recklessly imitated. The homes of the millionaires are disguised as churches, as mosques, as medieval castles. Here you may find a stronghold of feudalism cheek by jowl with the quiet mansion of a colonial gentleman. There Touraine jostles Constantinople; and the climax is reached by Mr. Schwab, who has decreed for himself a lofty pleasure-dome, which is said to resemble Chambord, and which takes its place in a long line of villas, without so much as a turnip-field to give it an air of seclusion or security. In this vain-glorious craving for discomfort there is a kind of naïveté which is not without its pathos. One proud lady, whose husband, in the words of a dithyrambic guide-book, "made a fortune from a

patent glove-hook," boasts that her mansion has a glass-room on the second floor. Another vain householder deems it sufficient to proclaim that he spent two million dollars upon the villa which shelters him from the storm. In brief, there is scarcely a single palace on the Riverside which may not be described as an antic of wealth, and one wonders what sort of a life is lived within these gloomy walls. Do the inhabitants dress their parts with conscientious gravity, and sit down to dine with the trappings of costume and furniture which belong to their house? Suppose they did, and suppose in obedience to a signal they precipitated themselves upon the highway, there would be such a masquerade of fancy dress as the world has never seen.

The Riverside Drive, then, is a sermon in stones, whose text is the uselessness of uncultured dollars. If we judged New York by this orgie of tasteless extravagance, we might condemn it for a parvenu among cities, careless of millions and sparing of discretion. But New York, if it be a parvenu, is often a parvenu of taste, and has given many a proof of intelligence and refinement. The home of great luxury, it does not always, as on the Riverside, mistake display for beauty. There are houses in the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue which are perfect in reticence and suitability. The clubs of New York are a splendid example even to London, the first home of clubs. In Central Park the people of New York possess a place of amenity and recreation which Europe cannot surpass; and when you are tired of watching the antics of the leisurely chipmunk, who gambols without haste and without fear, you may delight in a collection of pictures which wealth and good management will make the despair and admiration of the world. Much, of course, remains to do, and

therein New York is fortunate. Her growing interest in sculpture and architecture is matched by a magnificent opportunity. In the Old World much has been accomplished. Our buildings are set up, our memorials dedicated, our pictures gathered into galleries. America starts, so to say, from scratch; there is no limit to her ambition; and she has infinite money. If the past is ours, the future is hers, and we may look forward to it with curiosity and with hope.

But the architects of America have not only composed works in accordance with the old traditions and in obedience to ancient models; they have devised a new style and a new method of their own. To pack a vast metropolis within a narrow space, they have made mountains of houses, they have piled Pelion upon Ossa. When the rock upon which their city stands proved insufficient for their ambition, they conquered another kingdom in the air. The sky-scrappers, indeed, which lift their lofty turrets to the heaven, are the pride of New York. It is upon them that the returning traveller gazes most eagerly, as he nears the shore. They hold a firmer place in his heart even than the statue of Liberty, and the vague sentiment which it inspires. With a proper vanity he points out to the poor Briton, who shudders at five stories, the size and grandeur of his imposing palaces. And his arrogance is just. The sky-scraper presents a new view of architecture. It is original, characteristic, and beautiful. Suggested and enforced, as I have said, by the narrowness of the rock, it is suitable to its atmosphere and environment. New York is a southern, sunlit city, which needs protection from the heat and need not fear obscurity. Even where the buildings are highest, the wayfarer does not feel that he is walking at the bottom of a well. But, let it be said at once,

the sky-scraper would be intolerable in our gray and murky land. London demands a broad thoroughfare and low houses. These are its only defence against a covered sky and an enveloping fog, and the patriotic Americans who would transplant their sky-scrappers to England merely prove that they do not appreciate the logic and beauty of their own architecture.

What, then, is a sky-scraper? It is a giant bird-cage, whose interstices are filled with stone or concrete. Though its structure is concealed from the eye, it is impossible not to wonder at its superb effrontery. It depends for its effect, not upon ornament, which perforce appears trivial and inapposite, but upon its mass. Whatever approaches it of another scale and kind is dwarfed to insignificance. The Sub-Treasury of the United States, for instance, looks like a foolish plaything beside its august neighbors. Where sky-scrappers are there must be no commemorative statues, no monuments raised to merely human heroes. The effigy of Washington in Wall Street has no more dignity than a tin soldier. And as the sky-scraper makes houses of a common size ridiculous, so it loses its splendor when it stands alone. Nothing can surpass in ugliness the twenty stories of thin horror that is called the Flatiron, and it is ugly because it stands alone and apart in Madison Square, a place of reasonable dimensions. But the vast masses which frown upon Wall Street and Broadway are austere, like the pyramids. They seem the works of giants, not of men. They might be a vast phenomenon of nature, which was before the flood, and which has survived the shocks of earthquake and the passage of the years. And when their summits are lit by the declining sun, when their white walls look like marble in the glow of the reddening sky, they present such a spectacle as many

a strenuous American crosses the ocean to see in Switzerland, and crosses it in vain.

New York, indeed, is a city of many beauties, and with a reckless prodigality she has done her best to obscure them all. Driven by a vain love of swift traffic, she assails your ear with an incessant din and your eye with the unsightliest railroad that human ingenuity has ever contrived. She has sacrificed the amenity of her streets and the dignity of her buildings to the false god of Speed. Why men worship Speed, a demon who lies in wait to destroy them, it is impossible to understand. It would be as wise and as practical to worship Sloth. But the citizens of New York, as they tell you with an insistent and ingenuous pride, are "hustlers." They must ever be moving, and moving fast. The "hustling," probably, leads to little enough. Haste and industry are not synonymous. To run up and down is but a form of restless idleness. The men who do the work of the world sit still, surrounded by bells and telephones. Such heroes as J. Pierpont Morgan and John D. Rockefeller are never surprised on train or trolley. They show themselves furtively behind vast expanses of plate-glass, and move only to eat or sleep. But the common citizen of New York is never quiet. He finds it irksome to stay long in the same place. Though his house may be comfortable, even luxurious, he is in a fever to leave it. And so it comes about that what in his jargon is called "transportation" is the most important thing in his life. We give the word another signification. To New York it means the many methods of conveying passengers from one point to another. And the methods, various as they are, keep pace with the desires of the restless citizen, who may travel at what pace and altitude he desires. He may burrow, like a rabbit, beneath

the ground. If he be more happily normal in his tastes he may ride in a surface car. Or he may fly, like a bird through the air, on an overhead railway. The constant rattle of cars and railways is indescribable. The overhead lines pass close to the first-floor windows, bringing darkness and noise wherever they are laid. There are offices in which a stranger can neither hear nor be heard, and yet you are told that to the accustomed ear of the native all is silent and reposeful. And I can easily believe that a sudden cessation of din would bring an instant madness. Nor must another and an indirect result of the trains and trams which encircle New York be forgotten. The roads are so seldom used that they are permitted to fall into a ruinous decay. Their surface is broken into ruts and yawns in chasms. To drive "down-town" in a carriage is to suffer a sensation akin to sea-sickness; and having once suffered, you can understand that it is something else than the democratic love of travelling in common that persuades the people of New York to clamber on the overhead railway, or to take their chance in a tram.

Movement, then, noisy and incessant, is a characteristic of New York. Perhaps it is the brisk air which drives men to a useless activity. Perhaps it is no better than an ingrained and superstitious habit. But the drowsiest foreigner is soon caught up in the whirl. He needs neither rest nor sleep. He, too, must be chasing something which always eludes him. He, too, finds himself leaving a quiet corner where he would like to stay, that he may reach some place which he has no desire to see. Even though he mount to the tenth or the twentieth story, the throb of the restless city reaches him. Wall Street is "hustling" made concrete. The Bowery is crowded with a cosmopolitan horde

which is never still. Brooklyn Bridge and Brooklyn Ferry might be the cross-roads of the world. There a vast mob is passing hither and thither, on foot, on boats, on railroads. What are they doing, whither are they going, these scurrying men and women? Have they no business to pursue, no office-stool to sit upon, no typewriting machines to jostle? And when you are weary of transportation, go into the hall of a big hotel and you will find the same ceaseless motion. On all sides you will hear the click, click, of telephone and telegram. On all sides you will see eager citizens scanning the tape, which brings them messages of ruin or success. But nowhere, save in a secluded bar or a stately club, will you find a single man content to be alive and to squander the leisure that God has given him.

And with all her undying haste New York is not content. She must still find other means of saving time. And to save time she has strained all the resources of civilization. In that rather dismal thing called "material progress" she is easily ahead of the world. Never was the apparatus of life so skilfully turned and handled as in New York. There are no two fixed points which are not easily connected by iron lines. There seems no reason why a citizen of New York should ever walk, and it is not a little strange that his legs were not atrophied long ago. If stairs exist, he need not use them, for an express lift, warranted not to stop before the fifteenth floor, will carry him in a few seconds to the top of the highest building. If he open a cupboard door, the mere opening of it lights an electric lamp, and he need not grope after a coat by the dim light of a guttering candle. At his bed-head stands a telephone, and, if he will, he may speak to a friend a thousand miles away without moving from his pillow. But time is

saved—of that there is no doubt. My only doubt is, whether it is worth saving. When New York has saved her time, what does she do with it? She merely squanders it in riotous movement and reckless transportation. Thus she lives in a vicious circle—saving time that she may spend it, and spending it that again she may save it. Nor can this material progress be achieved without a loss of what the Old World prizes most highly. To win all the benefits which civilization affords, you must lose peace and you must sacrifice privacy. The many appliances which save our useless time may only be enjoyed in common. The citizens of New York travel, live, and talk in public. They have made their choice, and are proud of it. Englishmen are still reckless enough to waste their time in pursuit of individualism, and I think they are wise. For my part, I would rather lose my time than save it, and the one open conveyance of New York which in pace and conduct suits my inclination is the Fifth Avenue Stage.

But New York is unique. It baffles the understanding and defies observation. In vain you search for a standard of comparison. France and England set out many centuries ago from the same point and with the same intention. America has nothing in common, either of purpose or method, with either of these countries. To a European it is the most foreign city on earth. Untidy but flamboyant, it is reckless of the laws by which life is lived elsewhere. It builds beautiful houses, it delights in white marble palaces, and it thinks it superfluous to level its roads. Eager for success, worshipping astuteness as devoutly as it worships speed, it is yet indifferent to the failure of others, and seems to hold human life in light esteem. Young in years, it possesses the rage and hardness of youth. In brief, it is

a braggart city of medieval courage and medieval cruelty, combining the fierceness of an Italian republic with a perfect faith in mechanical contrivance and an ardent love of material progress.

Here, then, are all the elements of interest and curiosity. And happy are the citizens who watch from day to day the fight that never before has been fought on the same terms. But yet more strangely baffling than the city are the citizens. Who are they, and of what blood and character? What, indeed, is a New Yorker? Is he Jew or Irish? Is he English or German? Is he Russian or Polish? He may be something of all these, and yet he is wholly none of them. Something has been added to him which he had not before. He is endowed with a briskness and an invention often alien to his blood. He is quicker in his movement, less trammelled in his judgment. Though he may lose wisdom in sharpening his wit, the change he undergoes is unmistakable. New York, indeed, resembles Medea's cauldron. Those who are cast into it are born again. For a generation some vague trace of accent or habit may remain. The old characteristics must needs hang about the newly-arrived immigrant. But in a generation these characteristics are softened or disappear, and there is produced a type which seems remote from all its origins. As yet the process of amalgamation is incomplete, and it is impossible to say in what this bubble-bubble of mixed races will result. Nor have we any clue of historical experience which we may follow. The Roman Empire included within its borders many lands and unnumbered nationalities, but the dominant race kept its blood pure. In New York and the other great cities of America the soil is the sole common factor. Though all the citizens of the great republic are

born upon that soil, they differ in blood and origin as much as the East of Europe differs from the West. And it is a mystery yet unpierced that, as the generations pass, they approach nearer and nearer to uniformity, both in type and character.

And by what traits do we recognize the citizen of New York? Of course there is no question here of the cultivated gentleman, who is familiar in Paris and London, and whose hospitality in his own land is an amiable reproach to our own too frequent thoughtlessness, but of the simpler class which confronts the traveller in street and train, in hotel and restaurant. The railway guard, the waiter, the cab-driver—these are the men upon whose care the comfort of the stranger depends in every land, and whose tact and temper are no bad index of the national character. In New York, then, you are met everywhere by a sort of urbane familiarity. The man who does you a service, for which you pay him, is neither civil nor uncivil. He contrives, in a way which is by no means unpleasant, to put himself on an equality with you. With a mild surprise you find yourself taking for granted what in your own land you would bitterly resent. Not even the curiosity of the nigger, who brushes your coat with a whisk, appears irksome. For the habit of years has enabled white man and black to assume a light and easy manner, which in an Englishman, born and trained to another tradition, would appear impertinence.

But familiarity is not the only trait which separates the plain man of New York from the plain man of London. The New Yorker looks upon the foreigner with the eye of patronage. To his superior intelligence the wandering stranger is a kind of natural, who should not be allowed to roam alone and at large. And before you have

been long in the land you find yourself shepherded, and driven with an affability, not unmixed with contempt, into the right path. Again, you do not resent it, and yet are surprised at your own forbearance. A little thought, however, explains the assumed superiority. The citizen of New York has an ingenuous pride and pleasure in his own city and in his own prowess, which nothing can daunt. He is convinced, especially if he has never travelled beyond his own borders, that he engrosses the virtue and intelligence of the world. The driver of a motor-car assured me, with a quiet certitude which brooked no contradiction, that England was cut up into sporting estates for the "lords," and that there the working man was doomed to an idle servility. "But," said he, "there is no room for bums here." This absolute disbelief in other countries, combined with a perfect confidence in their own, has persuaded the citizens

of New York to look down with a cold and pitiful eye upon those who are so unfortunate as to be born under an effete monarchy. There is no bluster in their attitude, no insistence. The conviction of superiority is far too great for that. They belong to the greatest country upon earth; they alone enjoy the true blessings of freedom; they alone understand the dignity of labor and the spirit of independence; and they have made up their minds kindly but firmly that you shall not forget it.

Thus you carry away from New York a memory of a lively air, gigantic buildings, incessant movement, sporadic elegance, and ingenuous patronage. But when you have separated your impressions, the most vivid and constant impression that remains is of a city where the means of life conquer life itself, whose citizens die hourly of the rage to live.

Charles Whibley.

Blackwood's Magazine.

PIERRE MAZET OF THE GRAND ARMY.

"You want a story? Oh yes, it is true, I have many stories; but to-day, see you, I feel sad. Old age, messieurs, old age. I am over eighty, and at that time of life, even to a soldier of Napoleon, there comes a feeling that he has lived quite long enough. Yes, I feel sad this morning—sad and very old."

The speaker sighed wearily, and, resting his hands upon the knob of his stick, raised himself upon his seat. He was, as he had said, an old man, dressed in the uniform of the Invalides. His face, once deeply bronzed, had now faded to a dull-yellow tint, and was covered with a network of fine wrinkles. His hair and moustache were snow-white, and, combined with

his black eyes and huge eagle nose, even now gave him a striking appearance. On his left cheek was a long, narrow scar from the sabre-cut of a German hussar at Auerstadt. On his breast was the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

His listeners were a couple of young Frenchmen dressed in the fashion of the fifties, with waxed moustaches and imperials. It was a bright spring afternoon, and the sun shone down joyously on the beautiful gardens. The three were sitting round a small table in the open air, whilst all around were children laughing, shouting, and playing games, filled to the brim with the joy of life. The air was laden with the scent of flowers, birds were

singing in every tree, and from some distance came the faint music of a band. Behind all rose the dull rumble of Paris.

The old Invalide looked around him solemnly, and slowly shook his head. "It is all very pretty, eh?" he said. "But I have nearly finished with it. Well, I have lived my life, and the Emperor is dead, so it does not much matter. To think that it is thirty-four years since he died upon that accursed island — thirty-four years! Thunder! one would say that it was indeed time I died myself. But about a story, eh?"

"Yes, sergeant," said one of the young gentlemen eagerly, "let us have a story. And cheer up, *mon vieux*; cheer up! You are not going to die yet; and, after all, if your Emperor is dead, we have another Napoleon over us again, as good as yours, I dare say."

The old man smiled gently and shook his head. "Napoleon III. is very well, messieurs," he said, "but he is not *my* Emperor. Ah! if you had seen *him* in the campaign of France, for instance, when all Europe fought against us, you would not speak of this one. And if you want a story, there was something happened in that campaign of France which I can still remember with pride."

He produced a long curved pipe, filled it with trembling fingers, and began his tale.

"It happened at Troyes, in Champagne, in the February of '14. I was born near there. My father had been in the service of a great seigneur who owned much land in the neighborhood. He was a fine-looking man that seigneur—ah! very fine-looking—tall and slight, graceful in bearing, with dark, piercing eyes—an aristocrat all over. When I was fourteen years old my father got me a post as stable-boy at his

château. I assure you I was proud to be able to say I served the Marquis de Villeroi. I do not think I was any happier when the Emperor gave me the Cross after Auerstadt than I was on the day when I came home to our little farm and told them the Marquis had spoken to me. Name of God, how long ago it all seems!"

"There arrived the Revolution. In our part of the country, at first, it did not seem to make much difference; all went on as usual. After a little time, however, the peasants began to discover that they had been badly treated. People came from Paris to stir them up. They commenced to make disturbances. There came a day when my father would not allow me to go to my work at the château. He said angrily, 'I will not permit you to serve a cursed aristocrat.' Some time after I saw from my room one evening a great light in the sky. In the morning they told me it was the Marquis's château which had been set on fire. It burned for three days. The Marquis himself had escaped to England with his wife, and the peasants were all very angry about it. You see, they had wanted to kill him. But he would have taken some killing, the Marquis. A brave man—yes, a very fine man, aristocrat or no aristocrat."

The veteran puffed vigorously at his pipe for a few moments and then went on.

"Well, I was, as I told you, very young at that time, and I did not understand the politics of the country. All I knew was that there were great tumults and excitements, and that I had no regular work to do. And truly that is all I understand to this day. A strange thing that Revolution, eh?

"I grew up. In 1794—no, 1795—I was taken for the conscription. I was glad to go. I was young, you see, and I had dreams. I imagined myself a general in five years. I pictured my-

self returning to our cottage in a fine uniform covered with gold lace, a sword by my side, all my acquaintances envying me. Thunder, how young I was!

"I said good-bye to my father and mother, and departed for my career as a soldier, which was to last for nearly twenty years. I never saw my parents again; when I returned after Marengo they had both died. Rivoli was my first battle. I was in the hussars then; afterwards I was transferred to the chasseurs.

"It was at Rivoli I first saw the Emperor. He was very beautiful when he was young; thin, keen, with long hair and wonderful eyes—very terrible eyes when he was angry. You have seen pictures of him as he was in those days? Yes; but you never saw him on the battlefield. No, no, it is impossible that you should understand. I went with him all over Europe. We entered all the capitals in turn—Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Moscow. I was made corporal after Austerlitz and sergeant after Auerstadt. Then I had to learn to read, and I found it difficult. But I persevered, and now I am glad, for I can read about the Emperor.

"I have learnt all about his campaigns and how he won his victories. You see, when you have taken part in them yourself it is very interesting. I believe I took part in most of them, messieurs—Rivoli, the Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Auerstadt, Eylau, Friedland, Wagram; yes, and many others, all great victories.

"Then came the Russian campaign. I was one of the few who went all through it and returned unhurt, not even frost-bitten. There are not many who can say that, messieurs—no, not many. Not even frost-bitten, I tell you! I was indeed lucky. It was after this campaign that things began to go against us. They called up thou-

sands of young conscripts to take the place of those we had left behind on the snowfields. Of course, these boys did well; they were Frenchmen, but they were not the men of Austerlitz and Jena. And at Leipzig, where we seemed to be fighting all the nations of Europe, we were beaten and had to retreat. They were three to one, you understand, and those cursed Saxons left us in the middle of it and deserted to the enemy.

"Then came the campaign of France. It was a terrible business that. I do not care to talk much about it. We were in France now, you see, and it was our own countrymen who suffered all the hardships of war. It made me think a little; I began to understand why the Germans hated us so much.

"We entered Troyes early in February, after having been driven from La Rothière by Schwarzenburg and that old devil Blücher. Things were not looking very bright, for we were exhausted and hungry, almost starving. The Emperor, too, was very angry, and went about all day without uttering a word. We stopped at Troyes some time to rest and reorganize ourselves. I cannot tell you how strange it seemed to me to have come back, after so many years, to the place where I had been born and spent my childhood. I got leave to go about and make visits, but it nearly made me weep. I went to our old farm. Of course I knew my parents had died long before, although I hoped they would be remembered. But no, the people of the house had never heard of the Mazets; they seemed to think I was lying when I told them I had once lived there, and before I had finished they shut the door upon me. I stood before it and raged; I could have hacked it to pieces with my sabre. But what would have been the use? They knew no better. When I grew calm I recognized this, and went away quietly. It was the

same everywhere: no one remembered me; all were strangers. I met only three people who had known my parents, and they had forgotten all about me. Finally, I gave it up in despair. Still, the surrounding country had not changed much, and I made little visits to all the places I used to frequent when a boy—to the river where I used to bathe, to the wood where I used to search for birds' nests, to the place where I had once seen a wolf, and many others. It seemed centuries since I had been there, and yet I was only forty. But one lived one's life in the Grand Army—thousand thunders, one lived one's life!

"I was returning to the town one evening from one of my little excursions, and as I entered the principal street there passed by me a section of the Old Guard in full uniform, with fixed bayonets. In the middle of them, well guarded, was a gray-haired, elderly man, erect, bright-eyed, his aspect contemptuous and defiant. Behind the soldiers came a straggling crowd of people, many of them women. I stood still and watched the Guardsmen go by, wondering what was the matter. As they passed, the prisoner shot a quick glance at me and our eyes met. It was the Marquis!

"I think it was the greatest surprise of my life. I stood still, looking after them, my mouth open, my mind in a whirl. It was over twenty years since I had seen him, but I should have known him among a thousand. He did not recognize me, naturally. When he had last seen me I was a boy; now I was a veteran, grizzled, sunburnt, broken with twenty years' sufferings and hardships.

"I walked slowly back to the house where I was billeted. They were very good people who lived there. They had lost their son at Hanau. I shall always remember their kindness. I spoke to them about seeing the Mar-

quis, and found that they had heard all about him. I should have known it myself if I had stayed in the town instead of taking my walk.

"It appears that the Marquis had arrived at Troyes after Leipzig. He thought that the Emperor's day was over, and that the Bourbons would soon be coming back. So he returned to the land which had once been his, and which he hoped would soon be his again. He endeavored to make himself popular amongst the people, and he succeeded, for many of them were growing tired of the Emperor. Yes, some of them even wanted the Bourbons back again. Heavens! can you imagine such a thing? But one can hardly blame the Marquis, eh? No, no, of course not. He was, as I said, a fine man; but all the same he was an aristocrat.

"When the Emperor entered Troyes, so my friends went on to tell me, he discovered a royalist plot directed against himself—against his life, in fact. The head conspirator was an aristocrat named D'Aché—Gaston d'Aché. He had had estates in the neighborhood, and had known the Marquis. Like him he had fled to England at the outbreak of the Revolution. Also, he had been a friend of the Duc d'Enghien. For that reason alone he hated the Emperor, and spent all his time plotting against him. He came back to Troyes soon after the Marquis. When the Emperor also arrived at Troyes this D'Aché went on with his plots; he went further—he plotted an assassination. A villain, messieurs; a true villain! Well, he was, of course, found out—what could he do against the Emperor?—but he managed to make his escape just in time. He left behind him letters and papers which made it appear that the Marquis had taken part in the plot. What these papers were my friends could not tell me, but it seems they made things look

very black for my old master. Now, messieurs, at that time I would have staked my life on his innocence; yes, and after forty years I would still do the same. He could never have done a thing like that, you understand. He was—what is the word?—incapable of it. An aristocrat, do you see—a true aristocrat, a man of honor. It was impossible that he should have soiled his hands with such a thing. It was my idea that D'Aché had left those papers about purposely because the Marquis used to speak very contemptuously about his absurd plotting while they were in England. However, to cut the matter short, the Emperor did not think as I did. He was angry with everybody at that time, so he had the Marquis tried by court-martial. He was found guilty, and that very afternoon had been sentenced to be shot the following day.

"I cannot tell you how this story disturbed me. All my boyhood rushed back upon me again. I recalled the years I had spent at the château. I remembered the kind words the Marquis had spoken to me, and his grand appearance as he rode on horseback through the gates, flicking his riding-switch and looking smilingly around him. I remembered how at that time I had thought him the most splendid man in all France. (Of course, messieurs, you understand that this was before I saw the Emperor.) Yes, it all came back to me: his fine clothes, his bright eyes, his proud face. And now he was sentenced to be shot.

"I felt I could not sit still and smoke a pipe with the master of the house, as was my custom; I was too—too upset. I put on my greatcoat, and buckling on my sabre, went out into the streets. It was a sad, dismal night, cold, with a thin rain falling. The wine-shops were, as usual, full of soldiers, and all seemed to be the same. This affected me more than anything.

It seemed horrible that no one should care, that few should even speak of the Marquis—my Marquis—who was to be shot in the morning.

"I wandered slowly along, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. I passed comrades who spoke to me and shouted after me; I did not notice them. My mind was full of my boyhood. And at last I formed a great resolution. I would try to speak to the Emperor! Yes, I would go to him—I, Sergeant Mazet of the Fortieth Chasseurs—and tell him all I knew of the Marquis, and ask for his pardon. Messieurs, I have been called a brave man; I have served for nearly twenty years, I have received seven wounds, and been in fifteen great battles, but when I look back upon my life it is that resolution of which I am most proud.

"But it was getting late. The Emperor had his headquarters at a large house in the centre of the town, and I walked swiftly towards it, not giving myself time to think. However, when I arrived my courage seemed to ooze away. The place was lighted up; people were constantly passing in and out—officers and generals in their great hats. It frightened me. I walked around disconsolately, not daring to approach the doorway. There was, of course, a sentry before the entrance, and at a glance I saw that I knew him. He was Jean Barsou, one of the Old Guard. I had a sudden thought, and as he came to the end of his beat farthest from the house I stepped softly up behind him and whispered his name.

"He turned round instantly, his bayonet at the ready; then, recognizing me, gave a gasp of astonishment.

"'You, Sergeant Mazet!' he exclaimed. 'Why, what are you doing here?'

"'I wish to see the Emperor,' I said quietly.

"He nearly let fall his musket. 'You wish to see the Emperor?' he repeated. 'Name of a pipe! I wonder what you will say next. And what do you wish to see him about? Is he going to make you a Marshal of France, *hein'?*'

"'No,' I replied seriously; 'but I wish to see him on a very important affair.'

"He looked at me for a moment, then burst out laughing. 'Diable! you are a cool one, sergeant,' he said, 'with your important affair. But you cannot see him to-night. He has gone to bed, my friend.'

"'Gone to bed!' I exclaimed.

"'Why yes,' said Barsou, laughing again. 'He must sleep as well as other men, you see. Call in the morning, sergeant; call in the morning, and we will see what we can do for you. Hist! here comes my relief. You must leave me.'

"He shouldered his musket and walked off along his beat, still chuckling to himself.

"I was stupefied. I freely confess I did not feel equal to asking the Emperor to get up in order to have an interview with me, a sergeant of chasseurs. But I would come in the morning as Barsou had told me. He thought it very amusing, but he should see that I was in earnest.

"I walked home to my good friend's house, but I never went to sleep all that night for fear I should not wake up in time. I spent the hours in pacing to and fro, trying to think what I should say to the Emperor. It seemed that dawn would never come. At last a gray light appeared in the east and a cold morning breeze sprang up. Then the sun rose, and soon after I heard bugles sounding the *réveille*. It was time; for the Emperor, as I was glad to remember, was a very early riser.

"I arranged my uniform as best I could, and once more walked towards his quarters. This time I avoided the

sentry and went straight up to the entrance. A staff-officer at once stepped out and confronted me. He was a tall young man, dressed in a very brilliant uniform for a campaign, and had a haughty manner.

"'What do you want here?' he asked angrily.

"I saluted. 'I wished to see the Emperor, monsieur,' I replied as composedly as I could. He was not amused as Barsou had been, but immediately flew into a passion.

"'You impudent rascal!' he cried, 'I will teach you to play your jokes here. Is all discipline at an end? I will have you arrested, my fine fellow, and—'

"I ventured to interrupt him. 'Pardon, monsieur,' I said. 'I do not joke. I wish to see the Emperor on an affair of great importance.'

"He glared at me again. 'You old fool,' he exclaimed, 'do you suppose that the Emperor spends his time in seeing sergeants of chasseurs? You will!—'

"'What is this, Captain Lefranc?' said a sharp voice behind us.

"The officer turned round as if he had been shot, and sprang to the salute.

"It was the Emperor. He had come out into the passage from a room on one side of it. He was bareheaded, and wore his usual uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guards. In one hand he carried some papers. His face was pale, and he seemed a little weary. I had not seen him so closely since Borodino, and I noticed he had grown stouter. Otherwise he looked just the same.

"'Well, sir,' he repeated, more sharply than before, 'are you dumb? What is the meaning of this disturbance?'

"'Pardon, sire,' stammered the officer in great agitation, 'it is this sergeant. He says he desires to see you on an affair of great importance. I

was endeavoring to point out to him the absurdity of his request when your Majesty intervened.'

"Indeed!" cried the Emperor in a strident tone. 'You consider his request absurd, do you? How long have you been on my staff?'

"Six weeks, sire," answered the captain.

"You are on it no longer," said the Emperor curtly. 'You will return to your regiment to-morrow.'

"He turned upon me suddenly and gave me a glance that seemed to go through me like a bayonet. 'You say you wish to see me upon a matter of importance?' he asked.

"Yes, sire," I replied.

"I will hear you," said the Emperor. 'Go into that room. Captain Lefranc, you will guard the door and prevent any one from entering.'

"He went into the room. I followed him. It was quite small and bare. There was a little table in the middle almost entirely covered with papers, despatches, and books. A wood-fire burned on the hearth. There was no one present save ourselves, but from another apartment came a low murmur of voices.

"I did not have much time to take in these details, for the Emperor turned upon me again where I stood at attention. His face was softened, and the anger had quite faded from his eyes.

"I know your face, sergeant," he said with a smile. 'Where have I seen you before?'

"You spoke to me after Auerstadt, sire," I answered, 'and again after Borodino.'

"Auerstadt?" said the Emperor questioningly. 'Ah! I recollect. It was there I gave you the Cross. Your name is Mazet?'

"Yes, sire," I replied.

"Of course," he went on, 'I remember you perfectly. I gave you your

medal for saving a battery of the Flying Artillery. You led a charge when your officer was wounded. You have served me since Rivoli, I believe. It would be a pretty thing if a man like you were kept from seeing me by that young fool, Captain Lefranc.'

"I could not speak, messieurs. I could only salute. The tears ran down my cheeks. The Emperor observed my agitation, and, to give me time to compose myself, seated himself at the table and looked at some papers. Presently he glanced at me and saw that I had recovered.

"Well, sergeant," he said, 'what is it you wish to speak to me about?'

"And so I began. I told him everything; how I had served the Marquis as a boy; how I had admired him; how I had come back after twenty years and found him under arrest. Then I told him how I had heard the details of the case. I told him what I knew about D'Aché and his dislike for the Marquis, and of my suspicions that the papers had been left behind purposely in order to incriminate him. I assured the Emperor that my old master could never have taken part in a disgraceful plot; that he was a man of honor; that he could not have known of D'Aché's intentions. And, finally, I begged for his pardon. But my heart grew heavier and heavier as I went on, for the Emperor's face gradually hardened, and when I had finished he even appeared to be angry.

"Tut, sergeant!" he said impatiently, 'that is all very well; but you must allow me to know my own business best. This man has been proved to be guilty, and he must suffer for it. However, I am glad to have seen you again. I shall need more men like you during the next few weeks.'

"At another time I should have been overjoyed to be addressed in such terms by the greatest man on earth; but then I could only think of the Mar-

quis. I had the hardihood to plead for him again. I told the Emperor how I loved him. I even asked that he might be spared for the sake of an old soldier who had served his Emperor for twenty years. Yes, messieurs, I used those very words. And, finally, I told him how all the country-people had grown to like the Marquis again, and how grieved they would be if he were shot.

"As I said this the Emperor turned upon me like a flash. His eyes pierced me through and through.

"You are speaking the truth?" he demanded imperiously.

At this point one of the sergeant's listeners made an impatient gesture.

The veteran looked at him from under his shaggy eyebrows. "Did monsieur speak?" he asked coldly.

"No," said the young man. "No, no. I was only thinking that the Emperor

— But never mind, sergeant. Go on."

The old man glared at him again in an angry manner, then shrugged his shoulders. "I do not understand you, monsieur," he said, "but it does not matter. I will continue my story.

"You are speaking the truth?" said the Emperor.

"Yes, sire," I replied tremblingly. "I swear it is the truth. They will be deeply grieved."

"He rose from his chair and began to pace the room, his hands clasped behind his back, apparently thinking deeply. I kept my eyes fixed upon his face in an agony of suspense. Presently he raised his head as if he had made his decision, and saw me looking at him.

"Well, sergeant," he said, smiling again, "you have conquered. This is your Austerlitz, my friend. I will pardon your Marquis if there is still time."

"He glanced at the clock, and raising his voice, called out, 'Captain Lefranc.'

"The officer entered the room. His face was quite white, as if he expected a fresh outburst.

"Let the best horse in the stables be saddled immediately for this sergeant," ordered the Emperor.

"The captain vanished. I fell to my knees and tried to stammer out some thanks.

"Get up, man," said the Emperor impatiently; "you have no time for such nonsense." He went to the table and wrote a few words upon a slip of paper. "Here is his pardon. He was to have been shot at eight o'clock in the open space beyond the Grenadiers' camp. You have only just time to reach it, I tell you. Go at once."

"I got to my feet, saluted, and left the room. And that was the last time I spoke to my Emperor face to face—the very last time.

"At the entrance I found the captain and some grooms awaiting me with a magnificent bay horse. I sprang into the saddle and began my ride.

"*Mon Dieu*, that ride! I can still remember it. The sparks flew from the cobble-stones as I tore down the streets; the children ran away screaming; the people shouted after me. On I went. Presently I left the houses behind and came to the fields. Then the camp appeared before me, and in a second I was in it. The wind whistled past my ears, for a moment the smoke from the cooking-fires blinded me, I swerved to avoid an infantry battalion at drill, and then I was through and in the open again. I mounted a little hill, my horse panting under me, and as I reached the crest I saw below a line of Grenadiers with a man facing them, his hands tied behind his back. I groaned, drove my spurs home, and thundered down the slope. I heard a word of command, and the soldiers brought their muskets to their shoulders.

"I stood up in my stirrups and waved my paper in the air.

"Stop!" I screamed frantically. 'I have the Emperor's pardon!'

"I had a good voice in those days, messieurs, and I was heard. They lowered their guns involuntarily, and their officer turned to look at me. I gave a gasp of relief, and reining in my horse, cantered up to him.

"'Here is the pardon, monsieur,' I cried.

"The officer glanced through it and nodded his head.

"Quite correct, sergeant," he said, "though it seems strange that—However, we must not question the Emperor's orders. Let the prisoner be released."

"May I be permitted to free him, monsieur?" I asked.

"Certainly, if you wish it, sergeant," he replied.

"I dismounted and walked up to the Marquis, who had not said a word.

"I drew my sabre and cut his bonds. Immediately he stretched himself and smiled.

"I thank you, monsieur," he said simply. "You were just in time. Another moment, and then"— He shrugged his shoulders, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, produced his gold snuff-box and held it out to me. "Will you so far honor me?" he said with his grand air.

"A true aristocrat, messieurs; ay, a man of iron!

"I looked at him for a moment. Save that his face had a few wrinkles and that his hair was gray, he was the same as ever. His eyes were as bright, his figure as erect, his voice as courteous, his dress as rich and magnificent, as ever. I suddenly remembered that for the Marquis to offer his snuff-box to an acquaintance was the greatest honor he could pay him. I

took a pinch with trembling fingers, and then could contain myself no longer.

"Do you not remember me, Monsieur le Marquis?" I asked pitifully. "Do you not remember young Mazet, who was once in your service?"

"He stared and looked at me questioningly. 'Ciel, surely not Pierre Mazet!' he exclaimed. 'It is not possible.'

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis, it is Pierre Mazet," I replied joyfully.

"He put his snuff-box back in his pocket. 'Young Pierre Mazet!' he muttered to himself, 'and he has saved my life!' He was silent for a moment, then he stretched out his arms.

"My friend," he said gravely, "will you embrace me?"

The veteran stopped and wiped his eyes. He suddenly seemed very weak and old.

"That is the story, messieurs," he said.

No one spoke for a few moments. "Thank you, sergeant," said one of the young men at length; "thank you. It is certainly a story which is creditable to your Emperor, but it is even more creditable to you yourself."

"You are very kind, monsieur," said the old man. He raised himself up again and drew a deep breath. "Yes, I who speak to you, this old dotard, I have had a private audience with the Emperor, and I have been embraced by a Marquis of France!"

He rose slowly to his feet and leaned upon his stick. "Yes, I lived in those days, messieurs. I was alive forty years ago—alive! alive! And now? Ah, well—he is dead—he died upon that island thirty-four years ago; and the Marquis is dead; and, the good God be thanked! I shall soon follow them. You were kind to listen to an old man so patiently. Adieu, messieurs—adieu."

THE RACE FOR THE NORTH POLE.

It is twenty years since Commander Peary began the long series of Arctic explorations which have at last brought him nearer than any other man to the North Pole. The congratulations from all the world which await his return to civilization form a pleasant contrast to the despondent words which he wrote in the journal of one of his earlier voyages: "The game is up. My dream of sixteen years is ended. . . . I have made the best fight I knew; and I believe it has been a good one." This was only a temporary admission of failure in the struggle towards the Pole, which has been more than redeemed by the brilliant success of its writer's last expedition. It illustrates the difficulties and hardships of Polar exploration to note the comparative slowness of the advances made in recent years. A good motor car would cover the distance between Commander Peary's farthest point and the Pole in a day on a good road. Yet these two hundred miles represent one of the most arduous journeys that the shrinking globe still offers to the adventurous. The difficulty of the advance northward increases almost in geometric proportion to every painful inch that is gained. In the thirteenth century the hardy Norsemen, in their open galleys, nearly reached the 76th parallel of north latitude. Nearly four centuries passed before the sailors of the modern world, headed by the ill-fated Hendrik Hudson, were able to cross the 80th parallel. Thereafter the northward advance became still slower and more toilsome. The offer of £5,000 reward for reaching the 89th parallel, made in 1776 by the British Government and repeated in 1818, still awaits a claimant. Just two centuries after the death of Hudson a notable

advance was made by Scoresby, and then by Parry, who reached 82° 45' N. latitude in 1887. For the next fifty years the search for the relics of the Franklin expedition and for the North-West and North-East Passages absorbed the greater part of British effort in Polar exploration. Geography gained by this diversion, though the direct hunt for the Pole was in abeyance. Up to this time British sailors had done by far the greater part of the work, but in the last generation of the nineteenth century nearly all the maritime countries joined heartily in the enterprise. Markham's record of 83° 20' 26" was beaten six years later by the American Lockwood—by about four miles. Then, in the midst of that great international enthusiasm for the white untravelled North which has added so much to our atlases, came the great success of Dr. Nansen, who advanced to 86° 13' 36" in 1895. Five years later this record was broken by Captain Cagni's sledge party, belonging to the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition, which reached the high latitude of 86° 33". Now Commander Peary has, for the first time, set foot across the 87th parallel, reaching 87° 6', or a point about two hundred miles short of the Pole. Perhaps it will make these figures clearer if we say that, if the North Pole were at Manchester, Nansen would have approximately reached Aberdeen, Cagni Arbroath, and Peary Sheerness.

The extent and value of Commander Peary's work, of course, are not solely to be measured by the nearness of his approach to the North Pole. It is only fair that he should hold this record, however, since he is usually regarded as the most ardent and enterprising of Arctic explorers now living, and fu-

ture geographers will probably place his name on a level with the greatest of the past. In boldness of conception, concentration of effort and hardiness of execution his work yields to none that has been done in the frozen waters of the North. When he first took up Arctic exploration in 1885, with the permission of the United States Navy Board and the aid of the Philadelphia Academy of Science, he determined to devote his life to a region which had up to then been only imperfectly explored. The achievement of the North-West Passage by McClure and of the North-East Passage by Nordenskjöld had solved two of the three great Arctic problems, and the one remaining for attack dealt with the nature of the undiscovered regions surrounding the Pole itself. The extent to which Greenland projected northward was still an untouched question, and it was this geographical problem that Commander Peary determined to solve, as he has since done with the most brilliant success. His further idea was that, if the northern coast of Greenland could be reached and proved to contain any habitable spot at which a base might be established, it would afford that "jumping-off place" for a dash to the Pole over the frozen ocean or ice-bound land which lay between, and that this afforded the most promising chance of reaching the ultimate goal of Arctic exploration. Previous expeditions in this direction, of which Lockwood's had been the most successful, had been content to voyage along the western coast of Greenland, by Smith's Sound, lying between Greenland and Grinnell's Land. Commander Peary was a firm believer in the superior chances offered by sledging over the ice. From 1886 to 1895 he devoted himself to this research, the possibility of which had been proved by Dr. Nansen's adventurous journey across Greenland. In the course of several expeditions he

succeeded in reaching the northern coast of Greenland over the ice-cap which enfolds the whole interior of that forbidding country, and showed that such a base as he had considered could be found. In later years he made more than one of those "dashes for the Pole" which he had described as affording the explorer his best chance of reaching it, but the immense difficulties of travel over the broken and ridgy ice-fields of the Arctic sea turned him back, as they have now done once again. Among his most pregnant discoveries was that of the possibility of wintering in a much higher latitude than had previously been thought possible, though Nansen in his famous voyage had proved conclusively that, with the precautions which modern science enables us to take, a protracted residence in the inhospitable regions of the North need present no serious dangers to the health of a suitably selected crew. For the expedition which sailed a little more than a year ago in the *Roosevelt* Commander Peary determined to change his base from Greenland to the northern coast of Grinnell's Land. He wintered somewhat to the northward of the headquarters of the *Alert* in 1884-5, and made his dash for the Pole in February last, sledging across the frozen waters of the Arctic sea. He made the remarkable discovery of open water as far north as between the 84th and 85th latitudes, which presented a serious obstacle to his journey, but he finally succeeded in reaching the highest latitude yet passed by the foot of man without the loss of a single life, though one party came perilously near starvation. The net result of his journey is to leave him imbued with the conviction that the North Pole can yet be reached in this fashion, and he intends to try again—*quod felix faustumque sit.*

It is sometimes asked whether the

game of hunting the North Pole is worth the expenditure in life and money which it has involved since the days of Hudson. It is significant that it is the stay-at-home observer, "reading it all in his easy chair," who usually asks this question, and that the explorers themselves never seem to be discouraged by that positive failure which may yet be a comparative success. The actual reaching of the Pole is of secondary importance, in comparison with the extension of our geographical knowledge which is won by such a persistent and brilliant piece of work as Commander Peary's various expeditions constitute. A thorough knowledge of the conditions which affect wind and weather in the far-off Arctic regions is of great service to the meteorologist—an argument which applies with even greater force to Antarctic research. No one nowadays expects that anything wonderful will be found at the Pole: the gulf into which the ocean drains, shown in old maps, and the Scotsman sitting on the top of the Pole have alike gone into the limbo of vanished superstitions. There is every probability that the North Pole, when sighted by Commander Peary on another of his tollsome sledge journeys, or by Mr. Well-

man from the car of his free-sailing balloon, will present no notable difference from the vast plains of ridged and hummocky ice which surround it for hundreds of miles in all directions: though, of course, it is possible that it may lie upon another of the numerous islands which recent expeditions have shown to be fairly common in the Arctic seas. But the North Pole, for all that, is one of the few remaining spots which have a romantic interest out of all proportion to their economic importance, and we do not doubt that its quest will be achieved within a few years. The average loss of life in Arctic expeditions has been reduced to a minimum by the advance of science, and is not greater nowadays than in ordinary naval work. The funds required are not very large, and when, as in Commander Peary's case, they are supplied by a body of men who have made this their hobby, it is hard to say that the money could be better applied. The story of Arctic exploration is full of chivalrous and moving incident, and even if nothing of great scientific interest remains to be learnt, humanity may still take a quite creditable interest in "the race for the North Pole."

The Outlook.

CURRENCY REFORM IN THE UNITED STATES.

Two schemes for a reform of the currency system of the United States are now under discussion—one formulated by a Committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and the other by a Committee of the American Bankers' Association. Both single out as the prominent defects in the present system that call for remedy the periodic lock-up of money in the Government Treasury and the lack of elas-

ticity in the paper currency. By law, while the revenue derived from internal taxes may be paid into depository banks as it accrues, the Customs receipts, which constitute about one-third of the total revenue, must be paid direct into the Treasury. Consequently, when revenue is running ahead of expenditure, millions of funds which are needed to meet the requirements of trade and industry are withdrawn from

employment in business channels and locked up in the Treasury. When the law was passed, there was a reason for thus differentiating between the two classes of revenue. The States had then a forced paper currency, and in order to provide gold with which to pay interest on the foreign obligations of the Government, Customs duties were made payable in gold. Naturally, it followed that the gold had to be paid into and retained by the Treasury. Circumstances, however, have entirely altered now that the currency is solidly established on a gold basis, and the method of dealing with the Customs revenue, proper and necessary enough as it was when instituted, has become a purely mischievous anachronism. In practice its evil consequences have been mitigated by the action of the Secretary of the Treasury, who, when the money market becomes pinched by the lock-up of funds in the Treasury, comes to the rescue by depositing a portion of his free balances with the banks. And the present Secretary of the Treasury, who has shown himself peculiarly fertile in devising expedients for getting over legal obstacles, has given a reading of the law which reduces it almost to an absurdity. "True," he says, "the law enacts that the Customs revenue must be paid into the Treasury and not into banks, but when once it has been received into the Treasury I am free to deal with it in the same way as with other surplus funds, which I am authorized to deposit in the banks if I choose." But even when the legal obligation is thus whittled down, it is productive of serious mischief. The Secretary of the Treasury does not feel himself justified in coming to the assistance of the market until the monetary pressure has become severe. At times, too, he is hampered in his action by political considerations, as, for instance, recently, when there was hesitation in

releasing Treasury balances lest it might be thought that the Secretary was playing into the hands of the big financiers who dominate Wall Street. In any case, the Treasury accumulations are not set free until the monetary trouble has become acute, and while it is developing the market is thrown into a perplexing state of uncertainty as to how affairs are likely to move. Besides, the making or unmaking of market conditions is far too great a power to place in the hands of any one man, no matter how able and honest he may be. As a remedy for this state of things, both Committees propose that all revenues shall be paid into the depository banks of the Government as they accrue. That is the system which obtains here, the accruing revenues being paid into the Bank of England, where they are available to meet business requirements. And its adoption in the States would constitute a salutary reform to which we should imagine there should be no difficulty in obtaining legislative sanction.

The proposals of the Committees for imparting greater elasticity to the paper currency are more calculated to excite controversy. The need for such elasticity is so clearly explained in the report of the New York Chamber of Commerce Committee that a short quotation therefrom may be permitted. "Nearly 50 per cent. of the people of the United States are," they write, "engaged in agricultural pursuits, and the fruits of their toil are harvested in the autumn. These harvests and the marketing of the crops bring to bear upon the banks a twofold strain, one for capital, the other for currency. The demand for capital comes from the buyers and shippers of agricultural products, and is in the main satisfied by an expansion of bank loans and deposits, most of the payments being made by cheque and draft. The demand for currency

comes principally from the farmers and planters, who must pay their help in cash. In the satisfaction of this demand the banks are unable to make use of their credit, but are obliged to take lawful money from their reserves and send it into the harvest fields. As a result, the money reserves of the banks are reduced at the very time when the demand for loans is increasing, and in consequence the rate of interest is advanced." And as a dollar of reserve must be held by the New York banks against every four dollars of liabilities, "it is evident," says the Committee, "that the withdrawal of \$100,000,000 from the banking reserves of the country might lead to a contraction of bank loans by an amount four times that sum—namely, \$400,000,000." In itself the law which requires the banks in the central reserve cities to hold at all times a reserve equal to 25 per cent. of their liabilities is unwise. The proper function of a reserve is that it may be available to meet exceptional pressure, and it lacks its utility if it cannot be drawn upon when the need arises. But the law being as it is, there is no expansiveness in the resources of the banks to enable them to cope with such exceptional demands. They cannot draw upon their reserves, and though they have power to issue notes, such issues can be made only against a deposit with the Treasury of Government bonds of a par value equal to the face value of the notes issued; and recourse to this method of increasing the note circulation is not always possible, nor can it be availed of with sufficient promptitude. The Committees, therefore, propose that the banks should be authorized to issue notes unsecured by bonds, the issue to be limited to a certain proportion of their capital, such excess issues to be subject to a special tax. The two Committees agree also in proposing that

the law limiting the retirement of national bank notes to \$3,000,000 a month should be repealed, the object being, of course, to admit of adequate contraction as well as expansion of bank note issues.

But though in agreement thus far, the Committees differ as to the exact conditions under which the excess note issues should be made. The Chamber of Commerce Committee would prefer the creation of a species of State bank, in which alone the power of issue should be vested. But they express themselves of opinion that public feeling is so opposed to the establishment of such a bank that it is idle to suggest it. As an alternative, therefore, they propose that every national bank whose bond-secured circulation amounts to 50 per cent. of its capital should be authorized to issue additional notes to the amount of 35 per cent. of its capital, these to be subject to a graduated tax, and special arrangements to be made for their prompt redemption on demand. Under such conditions, the Committee contend there would be no danger of an undue inflation of the paper currency. "When," they say, "a properly distributed redemption system is in operation few banks will voluntarily pay out the notes of other banks, for it will be to the advantage of each bank to pay out its own notes and send in the notes of other banks for redemption in lawful money, thus increasing its reserve and multiplying its power to make loans. So important is the prompt redemption of notes that, if it were practicable, we would favor a law prohibiting national banks from paying out the notes of other banks whenever received from individual depositors." Into the details of the scheme formulated by the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce it is needless to enter, as they may be modified considerably before it is finally prepared for submission to the Legis-

lature. These are its broad outlines. And the scheme of the Bankers' Committee differs from it mainly in that it would allow the excess issue to be made to the amount of 50 per cent. of the bond-secured issue instead of 35 per cent., and that it would tax the excess more lightly than the other Committee propose, but instead of leaving each bank free to issue whatever amount within the fixed limit it chose, it would have a Commission of seven members appointed who, upon the application of any national bank, would determine what amount of excess note issues it should be permitted to make, and how long the notes should remain in circulation.

Such are the broad features of the two schemes. A weak point in both, it seems to us, is, that the amount of the excess issues is to be made dependent upon that of the bond-secured issues. This, it is frankly explained, is a condition which has for its object to support the market for Government bonds, the price of which would, it is thought, fall if the banks were not compelled to buy them, and as, to quote from the report of the Bankers' Committee, "if the amount of credit or clearance currency were based upon the capital, the surplus, or the assets of the bank, then there would be a tendency on the part of the bankers to decrease the amount of their bond-secured circulation, and depend upon the emergency or clearance circulation to help them out." Surely, however, the credit of the United States is good and solid enough for it to dispense with such artificial support, while by making the emergency circulation depend upon the amount of the bond-secured issue, the elasticity which it is the object of the schemes to impart to the currency will be doubly impaired. Then as to the proposal to establish a currency Commission, if it

be the case, as we are told, that the people have such a rooted objection to the concentration of power in a State bank that such an idea must be ruled out of practical politics, their objection to centralizing power in the hands of seven Commissioners will, we should think, be no less intense. Nor do we think the intervention of a Commission is at all necessary. The system of emergency note issues subject to tax is nothing new. It has been for years in successful operation in Germany and other countries, while with safeguards in the matter of prompt redemption any danger of inflation may be regarded as obviated. Looking, then, to the strength of the movement in favor of reform, it may be hoped that the Legislature, which has too long shirked its duty in the matter, will now be stimulated to take action in the direction the Committees indicate. Unfortunately, however, defective as the present currency system is, all the evils complained of are not due to its defects. In part they have resulted from the way in which the system has been worked. Thus the recent extreme stringency of money in New York would probably never have arisen if the banks, instead of preparing for the autumn demands, had not locked up their funds to far too great an extent in the financing of Wall Street. That the banks are to a large extent under the domination of the "big financiers" is well known, and the recent insurance investigations have shown how under such domination private interests may be made to prevail over those of the public. It would, therefore, not be surprising if Congress, which is not enamored of the "money power," should seek to inquire into the way in which the existing powers of the banks have been used before consenting to confer fresh powers upon them.

LORD LYTTON'S LETTERS.*

The public were already indebted to Lady Betty Balfour for the useful volume of her father's Indian despatches which she published some years ago. They, however, were chiefly interesting to students of history. These two volumes have a far wider range, and will appeal to a much wider circle. As a poet the late Lord Lytton was an ambitious failure, and his incessant, though doubtless unconscious, plagiarism has been remorselessly satirized by Mr. Swinburne in the best of all the parodies in "Heptalogia." His policy as Viceroy of India, which was not altogether his own, is still the subject of controversy between rival schools of Imperial politics. Lady Betty has the satisfaction of proving by an autograph letter from Queen Victoria that it had the cordial approval of his Sovereign and that her Majesty was strongly opposed to its reversal by his successors. But all that is past and gone, so much so that opinions will differ about the expediency and propriety of connecting the Crown with the revival of a dead party conflict. The permanent value of the book is altogether different. Lord Lytton's diplomatic career was eminently successful; and he owed it to his brilliant despatches from Lisbon, where there was nothing particular to write about, that Mr. Disraeli, his father's friend, chose him to succeed Lord Northbrook at Calcutta. His acquaintances, male and female, were numerous and intimate; for he was the most fascinating of companions, and his delightful letters, never dull though often long, enable those who never knew him to understand the

charm which he exercised over his contemporaries. John Forster, the biographer of Goldsmith and Dickens, was the earliest of his intimate friends. With Robert Browning he unluckily quarrelled. In his later years he was fondest of Fitzjames Stephen, who stood by him staunchly in the dark Afghan days. But no difference of political opinion could estrange him from Mr. Morley, or from his wife's sister, Mrs. Earle. A generous, warm-hearted man, very sensitive to personal attacks, he was equally grateful for encouragement, especially from his official chiefs, such as Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Cranbrook, the sole survivor, except Lord Cross, of the Cabinet under which he served.

Robert Lytton, though fortunate in many respects, was not fortunate in the circumstances of his birth. His parents were as ill assorted a couple as ever the Church joined together, and before he was five years old they had separated for good. His father, the first Lord Lytton, was, as all the world knows, famous for his speeches in the House of Commons, his novels, and his plays. In domestic life he left much to be desired, and his criticisms of his son's poetry were as severe as they were just. It says much for the sweetness of Robert's disposition that he loved the presence, and idolized the memory, of so stern a mentor. His mother was one of those women whom the world, especially their husbands, agree to call impossible, and it will be sufficient to say of her here that when her son was four she whipped him with nettles for telling a lie which he had not told. The boy was unhappy at school, even at Harrow, from which at seventeen his father sent him to an English tutor at Bonn; and a year

* "Personal and Literary Letters of Robert, First Earl of Lytton." Edited by Lady Betty Balfour. Two vols. (Longmans. 21s net.)

later he wrote, "If death were a sleep, who would not wish to die?" At this time, however, his life was formed by his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, afterwards Lord Dalling, then British Minister at Washington, who offered him an unpaid post in the Legation there. Sir Henry, though he had made a mess of the Spanish marriages at Madrid, was a man of the world, and gave some very shrewd counsel to his extremely susceptible nephew:—

While in America Robert Lytton fell in love with a girl who did not return his affection. His uncle's method of consolation was to assure him that he had known many a man regret having married his first love, but had never known one regret that he had not done so.

From the Legation at Washington Lytton was in 1853 transferred to the Legation at Florence, where Austrian troops then supported the Grand Duke of Tuscany on his gingerbread throne. At Florence he found the Brownings.

The Brownings and Robert Lytton were alike interested at this time in the subject of psychical phenomena, and together at Florence they were present at many of Mr. Home's spiritual *scances*. The elder Lytton also had a keen interest in all such matters, which were freely discussed in his correspondence with his son.

So says Lady Betty Balfour. Mrs. Browning was undoubtedly one of "Mr. Home's" dupes, and Robert Lytton may have been another. Browning's only connexion with him was to expose him and brand him with infamy as "Mr. Sludge the Medium."

When Robert Lytton, *invita Minerva*, first appeared before the public as the author of poems long and deservedly forgotten he spared his father's reputation by calling himself Owen Meredith, "there being a family tradition that a certain Ann Meredith, who married

into the Lytton family, was sister or niece to Owen Tudor." As, however, this rather ridiculous affectation annoyed that true poet Mr. George Meredith, it was subsequently abandoned. Vanity without affectation was the characteristic of Lamartine, whom Lytton saw at Paris while he was working under Lord Cowley in 1854. When Lamartine was asked what he thought of a young poet, he made the priceless remark:—"Il n'est pas sans talent, mais il ne sera jamais grand homme, car il n'a pas de sympathie. Imaginez vous, Madame, qu'il n'a pas été troublé en me voyant." No Englishman would have said that, though many, and those very inferior to Lamartine, would have thought it.

Bulwer Lytton was fond of bringing religion into his novels, and one of them contains a whole sermon, not omitting the text. On this subject Robert was frank with his father, who was certainly no bigot.

I hope and believe I am a Christian [he wrote from Vienna in 1862], for I heartily recognize in Christ the most valuable manifestation of a divine personality, but I must own that I base my intense conviction of the truth of Christianity, as a revelation, on conclusions differing *toto caelo* from all the axioms of existing Church theology, and that if my reason allowed me no choice between the acceptance of those dogmas to which theology chains Christianity (such as that fundamental one of the vicarious suffering of Christ, growing out of the previous yet more revolting hypothesis of original sin—and the gratuitous arithmetical puzzle of the Trinitarian doctrine), or the rejection of the whole, I would choose the latter alternative. But, thanks be to God the Bible is less burthensome than the Church.

Lytton did not grow more orthodox as he grew older. In 1868 he wrote, also to his father, "Such men as Pascal and John Newman are solemn and terrible

warnings against taking theology *un sérieux*. They fill me with profound melancholy, and make me almost execrate the name of religion." Still later, in 1871, he says:—"My whole moral being revolts against the acknowledgment of any God who must be fitted into the monstrous scheme of the Christian Atonement."

"What an ass one is to write books, as if there were not enough of them in the world already." Thus said Lytton to his old friend Lady Bloomfield, and they were wise words. A man cannot write books because his father wrote them; and Robert Lytton's reputation, as Macaulay said of a far greater man, would stand higher if he had never written a line, at least for publication. His best work was diplomatic, and he lived so much abroad that he never really understood his countrymen at home. Because the Queen and the Cabinet prevented Palmerston and Russell from fighting Prussia and Austria on behalf of Denmark, Lytton pronounced the English people to be "a nation of puny and contemptible cowards whom no one need fear, and no one can trust." This was ten years after the Crimean War and seven years after the Indian Mutiny. When Lord Lytton was in India he wrote to Mr. Morley, who unkindly kept the letter:—"The government and the very maintenance of India depend ultimately on the will of a people from whose political life the sentiment and instinct of Empire seem to be dying out." Next year it was Mr. Frederic Harrison's turn to be assured on the same high authority that "all our politicians of both parties have for the last twenty years been doing their best to repudiate and fritter away" the high position of England in the world as, for instance, by helping Cavour and Victor Emmanuel to make Italy united and free. In May, 1879, even her Majesty was informed that the qualities of

patience and good temper were "rarely exercised by the British public"; and in 1880 Lord Lytton showed those virtues himself by describing a general election as "a national lottery, wherein the Parliamentary prizes periodically raffled for are nothing less than the destinies of your Majesty's Empire." The debates in the House of Commons were to this son of a most rhetorical debater "one vast insane display of wasted power and passion misapplied." After seeing Mr. Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea* Lord Lytton, with singular taste, told Miss Mary Anderson that all the actors except herself, together with the piece and the public, were "excruciatingly vulgar." In February, 1885, he thought his countrymen indifferent to the fate of Gordon, and declared that "the country or whatever has taken the place of the country, will swallow anything except the bill when it comes in by-and-by." Yet this Englishman, who could see no merit in England, was honestly surprised in 1873 at "the tone in which the French people talk of themselves—in the third person, as if they were impartial, or rather contemptuous, spectators of their own follies."

Lytton's politics, though always mainly, and at last entirely, Conservative, were original enough to be interesting apart from the truth or error in them. Here, for instance, is an independent utterance on the most prominent topic of the present day:—

I hope that I may live to see a thorough elementary system of compulsory secular education established in England. But I know that this will never precede a considerable extension of the suffrage. The result of such a system must be the dissolution of Church and State. I shall fervently rejoice to see that, but the present ruling class would certainly not rejoice to see it, and therefore it will never be the result of their handiwork.

The letter to John Forster from which these words are taken was written in December, 1866, after the defeat of Lord Russell's Reform Bill. Next year Lord Derby tried his hand, and Lytton thus describes the performance of Lord Derby's principal lieutenant:—

No report of the speech can convey any idea of the impression of personal misery which Disraeli made on me when delivering himself of his Bill. I never heard him speak worse. He seemed utterly overwhelmed and downcast by his position, and looked as hideously unhappy as a sick Sphinx whose riddle has been guessed before it is propounded. The speech was tedious, flat, stale, and unprofitable, hesitating and unhappy, received in all but dead silence, broken only by dissent or derision from his own benches, and he sat down with only a few feeble "Hears," which could hardly be called a cheer. *The Times* report makes the best of his speech and the least of Gladstone's, which kept the House in continuous animation, and was immensely cheered from both sides. Dizzy pumped up a sort of forced vivacity for his reply, and by loudness of utterance and exaggerated gesticulation extracted some warmth from his own people. But it was all "sham-shivers." When he first spoke he was a windbag with no wind in it, and when he last spoke a windbag with nothing but wind in it.

In 1875 Lytton is humorously prophetic. "Some one tells me," he writes to Mr. Morley, "there is a talk of Dizzy going up aloft and following his 'late espoused saint,' as far as the peerage at least." But before this prediction was fulfilled, Mr. Disraeli had become Lord Lytton's dear and honored chief by the simple process of placing him on the throne of the Moguls, as he had planted the banner of St. George on the mountains of Rasselas. Lord Lytton's first impressions of British rule in India were unfortunate. "The general ability of the I. C.

Service," he wrote to Mr. Morley, "seems to me to be overrated. They look at everything from a small local, and often a purely personal, point of view." The great example of this vice was Lord Lawrence, of whom Lord Lytton had the meanest opinion.

"I am convinced," he told Lord Salisbury, then Indian Secretary, in May, 1876, "that the fundamental mistake of able and experienced Indian officials is a belief that we can hold India securely by what we call good government." In the summer of the same year he assured Lady Salisbury that he envied her the pleasure of living among so many naughty people.

Our own social surroundings here are so grievously good. Members of Council and heads of departments hold prayer meetings at each other's houses thrice a week, and pass the remainder of their time in writing spiteful minutes against each other. The young ladies are not allowed to dance lest they should dance to perdition; and I believe that moonlight picnics were forbidden last year by order of the Governor-General in Council lest they should lead to immorality. I wish I could report that our Empire was as well defended as our piety.

Lord Lytton had not the epigrammatic power of his father, who characteristically said to him, "Do you want to get at new ideas? read old books; do you want to find old ideas? read new books." But his despatches are, with the exception of Lord Dalhousie's, the best in Government House. Although he never sat in the House of Commons, which he affected to despise, the few speeches he made to the House of Lords were much admired. Lord Beaconsfield, an almost infallible judge, said to him after his first attempt, in January, 1881:—

You made a great effect without one injudicious word. As for myself, I feel as if I had won the Derby. I

backed you heavily, and you have won my stakes for me—easily. As for you, you have established your own Parliamentary position in the front rank. From this time forward you may do or say anything you please in Parliament. Your position is assured, and you have won it by a single speech.

As Lord Lytton had, at the last moment, entirely altered the whole scope and tone of his speech to please Lord

London Times.

Beaconsfield, something in the nature of a compliment was only his due. But the matter and the manner of the old statesman's actual words prove that they were not conventional and had solid value. Lord Lytton, however, returned to diplomacy, and never became a familiar figure in the House of Lords. As he once said to Mrs. Browning, he reserved for his epitaph the word "if."

SHOPPING.

Among the minor pleasures of civilized life we should be inclined to let the pleasures of shopping rank high. All children enjoy it; so do most women and many men. As the pleasure is pursued at the present day it cannot well be called primitive. Yet certain primitive instincts are satisfied by shopping, such, for instance, as the acquisitive instinct, the love of the chase, the love of barter, the sense of beauty, and the feminine thirst for personal adornment. The element of chance, too, enlivens the game, and remote possibilities of prizes dazzle the eyes of its devotees.

What a pleasure it was as a child to set out with a tip in one's pocket and a vague, delightful purpose of buying in one's heart. To taste this delight to the full a child must be very young, must be still a little uncertain about the value of money, and therefore not sure what he can get—or rather what he cannot get—for his price. The scope lent by this ignorance to the imagination is immense. In anticipation the dearest wishes of his heart are gratified, and—so good are the gods to the young—he can turn from his golden dream to dull reality without a pang, and forget the loss of Aladdin's lamp in the joy of possessing some tin soldiers.

There are some grown-up people who remain very like children, and for whom spare money is still surrounded by a halo of romance. The spell of the toy-shop is always upon them,—the spell of that world in effigy where everything can be bought, from a teacup to a horse and cart, from a fairy queen to an invincible army. Necessary shopping they seldom like. That which must be done they get through as quickly as possible, and if they can afford not to choose and fetch home their purchases, they do it by proxy or by post. Of course, as they get older the horizon closes in somewhat upon their hopes. Instinctively they begin to circumscribe their desires that they may attain to contentment, and learn even to dream within the limits of the likely. Yet still to them shopping is of the nature of a quest. If they belong to the educated classes, their imagination, which in childhood was fired by ignorance, is now fired by special knowledge. There is no telling what that knowledge may enable them to acquire. The purchasing power of the pounds in their purses may be multiplied indefinitely by their artistic perspicacity. They will journey any distance to pursue their pleasure. From London to Rome is not too far to go in order to indulge their

favorite hobby. What they find is not generally so wonderful as what they were looking for. But the pleasures of the shopping-chase are theirs, and a certain amount of spoils into the bargain. Oddly enough, it is not the rich alone who dream of such beauty as may be bought. Of course, only the rich can travel to foreign shops in search of treasure. The love of collecting pretty things out of shops, however, is not confined to any one class, though their ideas about what is pretty may differ very widely. This is sufficiently proved by the scores of thousands of cheap ornaments which are manufactured and bought year by year. The parlor of the respectable working man is often full of ornamental things,—of mats, and brackets, and picture frames, and china ornaments. The taste for *bric-à-brac*—which, according to Murray, meant originally “things brought together”—is practically universal. The workman’s wife, as well as her more educated sister, enjoys making her collection.

If, however, it is not necessary to be rich in order to enjoy this sort of pastime, it is necessary to have a little margin, and this is what so many, even rich people, never arrange for. It takes a certain effort of will to live below one’s income. All sorts of unseen social forces push us towards the limit. The majority keep nothing to play with, even though they may save something to give away. If one looks round among one’s friends, it is curious how few of them are rich, in the sense of not needing to think at all about small sums. Yet how very many might be. Within certain definite limits, it matters little to any one’s comfort upon what scale he lives. But it matters greatly to his happiness how much he has got over. In many women the pleasure of shopping is closely connected with the love of

home, and it is often a trait in the best and most charming characters. “Home” is always at the back of their minds. To its good they have dedicated all the solemnity and all the frivolity of their natures, and have merged their personalities in a larger entity. In shops they seek ideas as well as purchases to help them to their sole end. How nice that would look in our house, they think, in some particular room, on some particular person, even on themselves.

The taste for unnecessary shopping is, of course, very liable to abuse, and if too freely indulged in is apt to set up what we may call the shopping habit. This is a most dangerous form of self-indulgence. Some women are as unable to resist the seductions of shopping as a drunkard is to resist the seductions of alcohol. Vanity, of course, increases the disease, but it does not by any means always originate it. Sometimes it has its root in a certain lawlessness of disposition, an inherent dislike to live by rule, a breaking out of a wayward will at the point of least resistance. Life is hardly worth living if one is never to accede to a whim, such people say to themselves. This kind of simple extravagance is sometimes curable. Prolonged residence in the country may be beneficial if the malady is taken in time; but once let vanity come in as a complication, and there is no more hope. The passion for self-adornment is a savage passion. The woman who is its victim will have fine clothes. If she cannot pay for them, she will go as near to stealing them as the conventions permit. The irresistible attraction which jewelry has over such persons approaches to mania,—kleptomania.

All this time we have been talking of unnecessary shopping, of those who love it wisely, and of those who love it too well. A great many

women, however, like necessary shopping, even marketing, very much indeed. They have business capacity, and often the organizing faculty. As a rule something of the masculine element enters into their composition. They like dealing with money, they enjoy affairs, they put forth all their energies in order to get the best possible return for their money, and the contrivance and calculation involved give them a certain mental stimulus. They get a bargain, and come home feeling as a man does who has done a hard day's work,—feeling that they have deserved well of their country, or at any rate of that small part of it which forms their household.

After all, however, the pleasure of buying is by no means the only pleasure which the public derive from shops. There is the pleasure of looking at what they cannot buy. There is no greater libel upon human nature than

the widespread belief that it is painful to the poor to look upon desirable objects which they may not have. It is one of the arguments based upon the sandy foundation of analogy. To a hungry man the sight of food placed out of his reach may well become torture, and the sight of a fire must be horribly tantalizing to those who cannot feel its warmth. But this does not apply, except in a few instances, to the things which can be bought in shops for money. It is no torture to an artist to visit a museum or a picture gallery, greatly as he would like to possess the exhibits he looks at. It is no torture to a child to play in a park where it is forbidden to touch the flowers, greatly as it would always like to handle them. The London shop-fronts are to the town what flowers are to a public garden, and are regarded by the majority of those who pass by with interest and admiration, and no envy at all.

The Spectator.

SOME IRISH FAIRIES.

There are not many fairies in England. The English night is peopled by a grimmer folk, for whom one would never leave milk at the door nor a bunch of primroses upon the thatch. There is no appeasing these folk. They are the wraiths of bad men and witches. They live the life they lived on earth, preying darkly upon the "substance" of the spirit, as of old they preyed upon their bodies.

In Gloucestershire, at a cross-roads, there is the grave of a highwayman, with a finger-post for a headstone. He was hanged about half a mile from where he lies, and his burial was at midnight, without religious rites. This man (his name was Martin) had a favorite setter, which would not stir

from his master's grave, nor take food, till he dwindled to death. The ghost of the highwayman is quiet enough; but the loving dog cannot rest. It is a charitable wraith, as in life; and though sometimes "it flounces out on you," it means no manner of harm. On a dark night, if you pass that crossing, uncertain of your road, you have only to say, "Martin's Dog, give me a light," and instantly the roads are lit by great glowing dog's eyes, bigger than the moon, to show you your road and to keep you from a natural nervousness. This dog is the only charitable "spirit" I have heard of in this country. In Ireland, on the whole, the well-meaning "spirits" are quite common; though sometimes even they play

absurd and irritating tricks. Trooping fairies are generally less well disposed than those who, like the cluricaun, or the pooka, go alone. The pooka is a pleasant creature; the cluricaun sometimes works with a family for years together. Only one fault can be found with the Irish spirits. They are arbitrary creatures moving in a fantastic world of their own. They are outside life. In England the spirits are seldom so airy. They keep pretty close to the earth. They do not live in water, or ride upon the wind. They have many of the attributes, and some of them the passions, of humanity. In Ireland they are sometimes so "detached" that they are almost out of human sympathy.

An old Irish laborer told me that once, when he was sitting by a stone fence with his father, a halfpenny leaped out on to a large flat stone and began dancing and singing. Both thought that some boy on the other side of the wall was playing them a trick; but when they looked over, there was nobody there. They knew then that "They" were at their pranks; so they watched and listened to the halfpenny with more than common interest. It danced and sang very prettily, "with a wee noise to it, like some one plucking a fiddlestring." Its dancing was partly step-dancing, leaping up and coming down in measure, like the taps of a drum; partly of that older, symbolic kind of dancing, of whirling round in a variety of circles, which, while complete in themselves, slowly described a larger circle. After making sport for half an hour the halfpenny became tired, and paused for breath. As it lay down, the father took hold of it and put it in his pocket, and carried it home. He placed it in a small wooden box upon the dresser, where it lay very still until the lamp was lit at dusk. Then it began to sing again; but in a different note. In-

stead of singing like a twitted fiddle-string, it chirped like a cricket, its note getting shriller and shriller till "you would have thought it was bagpipes playing." As the note became shrill, it began to dance; and its dancing was no longer gentle, but noisy like the hammering of nails, or the grunting of oars in their crutches or the falling of shingle when the sea is high. It did not get tired, as before. It danced and sang till it had the cottage shaking, till the neighbors came running to know what ailed them, till one would have thought the end of the world was come. All that night it danced and sang, so that they "were feared to touch it." They had no sleep at all that night; indeed, they thought that the cabin would come down upon them; and glad they were when the dawn broke, and the creature, whatever it was, felt the need of a little rest. At the morning meal, before starting for work, the family debated what were best to be done. All agreed that the thing could not be thrown away; that was not to be thought of; yet they could not have such a creature in the house another night. While they were debating the point, a "poor man" came to the door, and asked for help in the name of God. The father thought that there would be a blessing, rather than ill-luck, in giving the man the halfpenny; so he gave it to him, and the beggar went his way in all happiness. But by the middle of the day, as they were working in the fields, they heard the piping and dancing coming from the cabin as before. The halfpenny had come back from the beggarman; and there it was twirling in the box again, as merry as a colt in a hay-lot. "What shall we do now?" said the father. "Maybe the priest would quiet it," said the son. "I wouldn't be bothering his reverence," said the father, "with a wee thing the like of that." "It's little

bread I'll be baking, with that thing carrying on," said the mother. "You were best show it to the priest." "I will not show it to the priest," said the father. "I'll give it a strong twist over the rocks into the sea." So he went out of doors and down the little track to the beach, and there he gave the halfpenny a strong twist into the sea. And immediately it turned in the air, and flew back and struck him on the cheek, and gave three hops back on to the dresser. "There's strong magic in that," said the father. "It's a powerful magic, indeed, is in it," said the mother. "You were best burn it." "I would not be burning it for all the gold of the world," said the father. So he took hold of it again, and carried it "up the road a piece," to a fairy thorn tree, all stuck about with votive rags and ribbons. He laid it down carefully at the foot of the tree. "Lie there," he said. "There's soft lying and sweet dreams," he said, "under a tree the like of that." When he had done this, he turned to go home; but he hadn't gone the half of a perch when he heard little cries and little pattering steps behind him, and there was the halfpenny again, coming after him "in standing leaps," like the devil came through Athlone. He was upset at the sight; but he put the coin in his pocket and took it back to his home. "He'll not stay under the thorn," he said. "Maybe we were wrong to take him from the fence." "Maybe it's a sup of milk he wants," said the mother; but the milk she offered was left untouched in its saucer. It was liberty, not milk, he wanted. So at last the old man and his son walked up the road to the fence and laid the halfpenny on the large flat stone. And they had no sooner laid him down than he gave a long leap and a whistle, and skipped away out of that, like a salmon in the sea. They never saw him again, though some-

times they would hear him laughing at them from somewhere by the side of the road.

In a village in the north of Ireland there is a young man, who was walking home one night after being out in the boat. He had not far to walk; but his path took him across a field in which a fairy thorn tree grows. It was shortly after sunset when he entered the field, but he did not reach his home until the morning. All the night long he was wandering about the field, trying to get out of it, following elusive tracks and often falling headlong. They had bewitched him out of sheer mischief, so that he couldn't tell which way to turn at all. Long before the morning he was tired, but he did not dare to sleep there, for he knew that if he fell asleep there he would wake witless. At last, when it grew light, they ceased from troubling, and he was able to see the path to the fence, with his cabin a little way beyond. He was so weary with walking that he could do nothing all that day.

In a field at the back of the young man's cabin there is a *souterrain*, or "Dane's dwelling," a sort of underground passage, lined with stones, leading to an inner chamber. There are several of these dwellings in the district; but this one is larger than most of them and in a finer situation. It is said to contain treasure, both gold and silver; and not many years ago a man went down it and brought back a golden spoon. Others have gone down since then; "but it is likely they were angry at the spoon going," for no one has found any more treasure, owing to the magic they have put upon it. A few months back the owner rolled a great stone across the entrance, so that his sheep should not fall down it, as they grazed over the field. The next morning the stone was rolled from the mouth; though "it was a great

stone, would take three men to shift." The farmer called his men, and the stone was prised back with levers; but the next morning it was lying on its face twenty yards from the mouth of the dwelling. The farmer was not going to be beaten by either a Dane or a Druid; so he hove the stone back to its place and piled other stones against it. The next morning they were all scattered down the hill, and the dwelling lay open to the world. The farmer again rolled back the stone and put a strong curse upon it, and set men to watch there through the night. In the early morning they all fell asleep, and while they slept the stone was rolled from the door and sent spinning down the hill, through a stone fence, into the road. That angered the farmer; so he gathered all his men and poured a whole cartload of rocks down the opening, and then built a cairn on the top of it. "That'll keep you in," he said. "It's that or death," he said. The stones were too much for "Them"; they never moved one of them. The Dane's dwelling has been closed ever since.

The Speaker.

The old man who tells me most of my stories once said that one of his greatest pleasures was to sit by the sea, listening to the music. Very sweet music comes out of the sea, he says; and he thinks "it is the salmon do be making it"; for after the salmon leave the coast the music is rarely heard. The music is soft and gentle, and rather like the old Irish harps. It is "music," not "tunes," which comes from the sea, so that it can't be mermaids; for the mermaids sing tunes, and sometimes the fishes learn the tunes and sing them at the regatta, "or wherever there is singing." The salmon music is less often heard than of old, when the rivers were watched in the spawning season; but in a good salmon year he says, "the people come down from the hills to hear it," especially at high tides, in calm weather. "The bees sings, too," he says, "and there's a little bird on the hills sings; but there's none of them sings like the salmon, unless it was one of the Saints of God."

John Masefield.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CAPE.

Your Christmas comes with holly leaves,
And snow about your doors and eaves;
Our lighted windows open wide,
Let in our summer Christmas-tide;
And where the drifting moths may go—
Behold our tiny flakes of snow;
 But carol, carol in the cold;
 And carol, carol as ye may,—
We sing the merry songs of old,
 As merrily on Christmas Day.

Your hills are wrapped in rainy cloud,
Your sea in anger roars aloud,
But here our hills are veiled with haze
 In harmonies of blues and grays;

The waters of two oceans meet
 With friendly murmurs by our feet;
 But carol, carol, Christmas Waits,
 And carol, carol as ye may,—
 The crickets by our doors and gates
 Sing in the grace of Christmas Day.

The rain and sunshine of the Cape
 Lie folded in the ripening grape,
 And Stellenbosch and Drakenstein,
 With bounteous orchard, field of vine,
 And every spot that we pass by—
 Lie burnished 'neath our Christmas sky;
 So carol, carol in your snow,
 And carol, carol as ye may,—
 We carol 'mid our blooms ablow,
 The grace of summer's Christmas Day.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

John Runcie.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Pafræts Book Company of Troy, New York, publishes a new edition, the fourth, of "Christ Among the Cattle," a sermon preached by Frederick Rowland Marvin, which enforces the gentle treatment of animals as a Christian duty.

Three attractive little art books come from the press of E. P. Dutton & Co.: "The Early Work of Raphael" by Mrs. Henry Ady (Julia Cartwright); "Antoine Watteau," by Camille Mauclair; and "Fair Women in Painting and Poetry," by the late William Sharp. Considering the limitations of space, these are all admirably written studies, and they are fully illustrated.

The recent death of Mrs. Margaret Bottome lends a special interest to her "The King's Daughters' Year Book" which the Henry Altemus Company publishes. To the many members of the useful order which Mrs. Bottome founded these words of sympathetic

and spiritual counsel for each day of the year will come as the last message from a justly-beloved leader and helper.

M. A. B. De Guerville begins his "New Egypt" with an introduction professing his inability to do justice to the country in a small volume and goes on to describe the most important places on the Nile and to consider the resurrection effected by Lord Cromer, the Khedive's family, and the customs and manners of the people. This is a reprint of an early and costly edition, retaining its excellent pictures. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Never do anything that popular opinion and your own sense of right do not approve. Hire somebody else to do it." "The ability to conceal ignorance sometimes avails more than the capacity for accumulating great wisdom." "Politics is the art of turning influence into affluence." These

and similar nuggets of cynical philosophy are thickly strewn through Philander C. Johnson's "Senator Sorghum's Primer of Politics" (The Henry Altemus Company). The little book cannot be said to be very inspiring, but it is certainly clever and diverting.

An occasional striking misuse of words, a mysterious murder by an unknown Oriental, and a threat of a treasure-hunt to come may well terrify one who opens his Zona Gale's "Romance Island," even if he can endure seeing a suddenly enriched journalist and his newly-acquired valet trying to behave as if created by Mr. Hopkinson Smith. Beyond all this lies a piece of really imaginative work, a dream of a world with a fourth dimension, and the experience of human beings who enter it. With all its errors thick upon it this is a story to be read and not forgotten, but its author deserved editing from her publishers. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

One of the quaintest and most attractive of recent anthologies is A. T. Quiller-Couch's "The Pilgrim's Way" published in a dainty volume by E. P. Dutton & Co. The compiler has preserved throughout the figure of a pilgrimage; and the selections in prose and verse which he has made from many writers, ancient and modern, and has grouped under different headings, as "Childhood," "Youth," "Nature," "The Stars," "The Strength of Manhood," "Divine Love," "Age," and many more, are offered as "a little scrip of good counsel" for travellers upon the pilgrimage upon which all our feet are bent. It is a pretty conception, prettily carried out, and the selections are chosen with the finest taste.

Miss Mary E. Waller adds no little to the interest of her "Through the Gates of the Netherlands" by accompanying her descriptions of the quaint-

ness of the country by the little drama of the adventures of two New England explorers, James and Persis, as original in their way as anything which they see. To this she adds a daintily sketched bit of romance for which their middle-aged sentiment is a charming foil, and behold an original book of travel. The illustrations in photogravure by A. Montferrand are pleasant novelties amid the prevalence of photographs, and a rubricated title page and a cover emblazoned with the royal arms are elements going to make the dress of the book worthy of it. Little, Brown & Co.

In "The Charlatans" Bert Leston Taylor appears to have written with the deliberate purpose not only of satirizing the pretensions of a certain class of institutions, but of warning his public against the dangers to which he believes their pupils are exposed. His heroine is an attractive young girl who comes from the provinces to study music in one of our large cities, but the innocent romance with which her story finally closes is subordinate in interest to the disgraceful overtures which the president of the "Colossus Conservatory" is constantly making to her. In spite of crudities of style, there is a good deal of clever caricature of manners and methods, but a moral situation so serious as the writer implies needs more artistic handling than he has been able to give it, if it is to be used at all for purposes of fiction. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Hon. John W. Foster has supplemented his history of "A Century of American Diplomacy" with a work similar in purpose but broader in scope, in which he explains with some fulness of detail "The Practice of Diplomacy," and indicates to what extent and in what ways it has been elevated through American influence. He de-

scribes the grades of rank of diplomatic representatives, defines their duties to their own and to foreign governments, points out their immunities and their social privileges and obligations, outlines the work and responsibilities of the consular service, describes the processes of the negotiation, ratification and interpretation of treaties and sketches the progress which has been made in the arbitration of international disputes. The book is written out of a large experience and in a manner to be useful to the general reader. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A work of immediate timeliness and of large and enduring value is Dr. Willis Fletcher Johnson's "Four Centuries of the Panama Canal" (Henry Holt and Co.). It is not the work of a chance traveller, written after a few days spent on the isthmus, but of a special student of the whole Panama question in its historic as well as in its engineering aspects. It is written out of a fullness of information obtained from books and by observation on the spot, and presents fully the background of past discovery and endeavor against which the mighty work now undertaken by the United States stands out in relief. Fully illustrated with views and maps, and with official documents and treaties in appendices supplementing the narrative of the text it gives the whole history of canal proposals and attempts from the days of Columbus to the present time, in a form to be at once instructive and interesting to the general reader.

"The Impersonator," Mary Imlay Taylor's first society novel, is as readable as her historical stories have been. Its heroine is a beautiful young girl of mysterious parentage and convent training, who is persuaded by a friend, an art-student in Paris, to personate

her in a three-months' visit to a rich and eccentric aunt in Washington. That an affair of the heart will soon turn the jest to earnest the reader easily foresees, but the unravelling of the tangled web is ingeniously prolonged and the last knot does not yield till the closing chapter. The scenes depicted are those of ultra-fashionable life, but there is considerable range of character-study, and the heroine herself has individuality and charm, though one would certainly have supposed, after Lily Bart's melancholy fate, last winter, that all clever girls would have learned the danger of placing themselves under pecuniary obligation to their friends' husbands. Little, Brown & Co.

Among the many books and booklets published by E. P. Dutton & Co. which tempt to Christmas uses, are a new and exquisitely printed edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," with numerous illustrations, in color and in black and white by Walter Paget; a new edition of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's translation of Dante's "Vita Nuova" with eight photogravures after Rossetti's paintings; three little companion volumes, illustrated both in color and in black and white, "Songs of Faith and Hope," "Christmas Songs and Carols," and "Songs and Sonnets from Longfellow"; "The Wise Book" containing clever verses and pictures for children; "The Sweet Story of Old," a charming re-telling of the life of Christ for little readers; "The Sands of Time," a Longfellow calendar for 1907 and "The Dainty Diary" which has spaces for daily memoranda, and is made further attractive by quotations from great authors, and by pretty illustrations and decorative initial letters.

In his "Sigismondo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini" Mr. Edward Hutton has undertaken the very difficult task of

writing an actual biography as if it were fiction, putting the story into the mouth of the one imaginary personage whom he has found it necessary to add to those actually in Malatesta's train. In such a piece of work, the greatest feat is not to stimulate the reader's imagination by focussing events or characteristic traits but to give him the impression that what he sees is a judiciously selected group of possible incidents and personages, and Mr. Hutton has effected this complicated deception so well that not a few Italian chroniclers will be taken from the shelves to testify as to the character of the supposed narrator. The few but fit illustrations, portraits and other memorials of the time, chiefly photographs from bas reliefs, contribute somewhat to maintain the illusion by showing what manner of man it was who in spite of his deeds, was beloved and faithfully served.

E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Chippinge Borough," Stanley Weyman's latest novel, is one of the most satisfactory books of the season. Of the period of the great Reform Bill, it combines the modern with the romantic interest. Its central character is the nephew and heir of a Tory squire—patron of Chippinge, whose thirteen voters return two members to the Commons—and the family complications to which his own Whig principles lead serve to shape the plot, while the riots at Bristol give opportunity for those doughty deeds without which one of Stanley Weyman's heroes could not hope to win his charming heroine. The historical background is painted with unusual care, and the election scenes, in particular, are of vivid interest. Brougham himself is brought upon the stage in one or two effective passages, and other Parliamentary leaders figure less prominently. As a whole, the book makes

a vigorous popular presentation of a period which is less familiar than many more remote in time, and is as instructive as it is delightful. McClure, Phillips & Co.

"John Calvin," the ninth in the series of "Heroes of the Reformation," is the work of Titus Stout, Professor of Ecclesiastical History of Yale, who has for some years been studying his subject and is therefore perfectly well qualified for the enlightening criticism of other recent biographical work to be found in this volume. It need hardly be said that he is not in the least disposed to sentimentalize over Servetus, and that he does not attempt to judge Calvin's conduct by the standard of a later century, or by the theories of hostile theologians as to what would have been becoming behavior in their sturdiest antagonist. On the other hand his moderation makes no demands upon the sympathy of his readers, of whom he asks only that they shall see in the leader reverenced by large bodies of earnest Christians, one who through combats with authority, contention with friends, struggles with enemies, and the subtle temptations of an atmosphere of reverential affection remained humble towards God. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The story of "Joseph Vance," by William De Morgan, in spite of its second title, "An Ill-Written Autobiography," is both original and good. The hero is a London street boy, whose father makes his way upward from penury to affluence by following the simple maxim of "Never do anything for yourself," a principle which, if report speak the truth, has guided at least one American to something more than a modest competence. Joseph, his son, beginning in that social depth of London in which the first vowel suffers a

sea change into the third, becomes a successful engineer, living on terms of undisputed equality with his superiors by birth, but his life-problem is of the soul, the question of retaining sweetness of spirit under an early disappointment in love, later irreparable bereavement, and last of all, estrangement caused by wilful slander. The bitterness of his affliction, its irremediable nature, and his innocent perplexity as to its origin are forced upon the reader by delicate touches of which he hardly discerns the value until he is very near the final scene. The story is one to repay care in reading, but not too fine in touch to be intelligible to the hasty. Henry Holt & Co.

The portraits illustrating Miss Mary Maxwell Moffat's "Queen Louisa of Prussia" explain in part why she was the best beloved and is the best remembered continental princess of her century, for such beauty as hers wins its way everywhere and is never forgotten; but beauty, grace and charm, potent although they were in confirming the allegiance of her people are less rare than the keen intellect, which Napoleon admitted, and which held her son in awe, long after he had doubled the few years granted her by fate. If he owed his throne to the inherited military genius of his ancestor, the conqueror, he owed the fealty of the group of statesmen and soldiers constituting his immediate circle to that graciousness which he could use on occasion, and that capacity for judging men which were his mother's legacies. From her also he inherited that vision of a united and peaceful Germany which he was to realize and it was her influence which gave him the devotion of Prussia as a vantage point whence he could move the Empire. Miss Moffatt makes this clear in her romantically told story of a life romantically good, although far from romantically

happy. The misfortunes of Prussia were in their day as familiar as the sorrows of Troy; neither king nor kingdom yielded to them. Louisa was the cause and she deserves the gratitude which to-day names her the guardian angel of Prussia, and of Germany. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A fascinating variety of calendars comes from E. P. Dutton & Co. "Master Minds," on cards twelve by fifteen inches, bears four rich designs in tones of russet, bronze and purple, all studies of old leathern-bound books, with sentiments from Ruskin, Thackeray and other prose writers; nearly as large is "Mizpah," with a page for each month, floral designs in delicate colors, and religious selections in illuminated text; "The Calendar of Sonnets" shows landscapes of sombre dignity as background for six sonnets of the highest order; somewhat smaller, but to many tastes even more pleasing, is "The Simple Life," with extracts, prose or verse, of substantial length, exquisitely illuminated, for each month; smaller still but of the same rare coloring and choice selection are "Cheerfulness" and "Good Thoughts." In lighter vein but equally attractive are "Little Hollanders," nine by thirteen inches, with six quaint, parti-colored pictures of Dutch boys and girls at play; "Little Dutch Folk," in which the same designs appear on a reduced scale in Delft-blue; "Tally-Ho!" with twelve amusing scenes in Early-Victorian style; and "The Year's Greeting," in which a gorgeous turkey bears the twelve months proudly on outspread tail. The same firm issue a series of panels—"Happiness," "Opportunity," "Commonplace," "Love," "Strength," and the like—with extracts from Miss Havergal, Susan Coolidge, Phillips Brooks, Canon Farrar and others, in embossed floral borders of unusual beauty.